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T.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCE JOHN OF WALES.

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**CHE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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**THE STATE AND
THE FARM.**

DEPARTMENTAL COMMITTEES have been so frequently appointed of recent years by the Board of Agriculture, that the reports issued by them are very apt to be neglected. We hope that this will not be the fate of the one which has been issued upon agricultural education in England and Wales. The Committee sat under the chairmanship of Lord Reay, and contained the names of many of the ablest and most prominent agriculturists of to-day. The gist of the report is contained in no fewer than thirty-two separate suggestions, and these merit very close attention. A number of them is concerned with the itinerant lecturer. It is suggested that one of these persons should be employed in every county to give lectures in agriculture and horticulture, while systematic instruction should also be provided in farm hygiene, dairying, poultry-keeping, farriery and certain manual processes. Last, but not least, reference is made to the need of instructing farmers in the methods of co-operative production and distribution. Theoretically this is very good, but the difficulty which has been experienced in the past and is likely to be experienced in the future is that of making such work thoroughly practical. Twenty-five years ago a fashion set in of employing wandering lecturers to teach dairying to the daughters of our farmers and their labourers. One way and another, it is no exaggeration to say that many thousands of pounds were wasted in this way, and no good effect could be traced to this kind of instruction. On the contrary, it became more and more notorious that in the ordinary provincial town of Great Britain the worst butter was almost invariably that accurately described as "English butter." It was certainly not creditable to the rural dairymaid that her home-made butter could not in the grocer's shop command prices equal to those willingly given for Danish and Normandy butter. There was really no excuse for her. Our cows are as good, if not better, than those on the Continent of Europe; there are no pastures in the world better than these of England, and, whatever may be said against our climate, no one would venture to urge against it that it prevented

the growth of grass. The truth of the matter would appear to be this: In foreign countries very great pains were taken with the dairy, because the livelihood of those engaged in the business depended upon their meeting the demands of a foreign market, a "foreign market" meaning, practically, London and the English population generally. For this reason they were quick to seize the advantage that lay in producing a fairly good butter, uniform in quality, which was suitable for exportation. It never could compare with the butter made in our best private English dairies, but, unfortunately for the public, most of these are carried on for private consumption and the produce is not offered for sale. The ordinary farmer did not attach the same interest to butter-making, because he found out that there was a ready sale for milk, and the cash terms on which the trade was conducted and the little expense entailed in it appealed to his economic principles.

We mention the matter only to show the danger that lies in trusting to the itinerant lecturer. Those who went round explaining the principles of dairy-farming seemed to have got their story off by heart from a book, and did not produce the effect that ought to have been the case. The present Committee apparently have realised that, because they laid great stress on the necessity of having the instructors in agriculture selected from those who have had practical experience, and they think that this association with practical work should be kept up. In other words, whoever professes to teach practical agriculture to practical English farmers should be able to show by his books that he is himself tilling the ground profitably. Upon the last word emphasis and insistence should be laid. The end of farming, as far as those engaged in it are concerned, is to make a livelihood, and the instruction that will not assist in this is not the instruction that is wanted for the country at large, however useful it may be in the case of those whose aim in life is rather to investigate than to apply their knowledge practically. No one can deny that the study of theory is of the highest importance, since it indicates the only road that leads to discovery and improvement; but such study is for the college, the school, the experimental farm and the laboratory, not for those who have to earn their income from year to year, and, indeed, from day to day. The lecturer has nearly always been addicted to word-spinning, and if the proposal of the Committee is to be carried into effect, this is the danger that has to be provided against, and we are afraid that such adequate provision will not be made, because the county councils or other local bodies will not, as a rule, give special attention to it, as an individual would. In another part of the report complaint is made of the difficulty of procuring well-qualified teachers for agriculture. The truth is that, whatever may be the number of seminaries where the science is taught, the greater part of the instruction must come from practical experience on the land. That is why the farmer is so conservative in respect to new ideas. What has been done for ages by himself, his father and his ancestors he knows will produce certain results under the proper conditions; but experience has taught him that the bookmen can make out a plausible and apparently irrefutable case for some new departure, and that, after all, it is just as likely as not to be a failure. Hence in all the movements towards increase of agricultural education, the point to be most steadily and vigorously attended to is that of practical application.

Indeed, the Committee are making the mistake of mixing up two different parts of the question in their report. The principles of agriculture and the scientific explanation of those processes form one side of the question—that which naturally has most interest for the scholar and discoverer. The other side is to a considerable extent physical. It might be summed up in a phrase, as the art of teaching young people to take pains. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the difference between poor and good results can be traced to the lack of trouble bestowed to obtain the one and the amount taken for the sake of the other. The man who succeeds is never sparing of his hands, but appreciates the value of sun and air, and, therefore, whether gardener or farmer, turns over the soil and turns it over to the extent of his ability. He knows the value of manure, and he applies it where and when it is most likely to produce the best results. He is aware that there is a right way and a wrong way of sowing or planting, and that after his seed has germinated or his plant taken root, it will require care as assiduous as one would bestow upon the education of a child. He must fight the weeds and other foes as if he were fighting for his life; he must supply what the climate denies him as far as he can and take precautions against its extremes. For success in farming is obtained in the same way as, according to an old story, it is in painting, by mixing "with brains, sir."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Their Royal Highnesses, Prince George and Prince John of Wales.

COUNTRY NOTES



DURING the holidays a report of very great importance was issued by the Royal Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded. This body has been sitting since September, 1904, and its evidence and conclusions are to be embodied in eight volumes which will appear during August. The Commission was appointed to deal with a question which it is difficult to define—namely, the mentally defective—a phrase which is not meant to cover the actually insane. They found at the beginning that this nomenclature was unsatisfactory. The ranks of the insane are recruited from the feeble-minded, and vice versa. To suit their purpose, the Commissioners made certain definitions. The phrase "mentally afflicted" is made to cover all who are of unsound mind, or who are infirm of mind, as well as idiots, imbeciles and the feeble-minded. What struck the Commissioners most was the vast number of those afflicted people "whose training is neglected, over whom no sufficient control is exercised, and whose wayward and irresponsible lives are productive of crime and misery, of much injury to themselves and to others, and of much continuous expenditure wasteful to the community and to individual families." If these general expressions be translated into practical human experience, they will be found to be true to the last degree. In spite of the advances that have been made, the relatives of the mentally afflicted still have a prejudice against sending them to any public or private institution. Yet in many cases it is unquestionably true that they would be better under supervision. Those who are expert in dealing with them are able to teach much more than might be expected, and are also able to arouse interests that are not evoked in family life. Moreover, in a question of this kind the mentally afflicted are saved from themselves. They cannot very well do themselves an injury.

There are other points, however, which require further elucidation. Those paragraphs, for instance, that relate to mentally defective inebriates require closer definition. In a sense every man who becomes the worse for drink shows by that fact itself that he is mentally defective; but so does a thief, or a murderer, and society could not go on if we did not hold them responsible for their actions. The Commissioners suggest that the "Inebriate Acts be amended so as to facilitate the committal to suitable institutions of persons who are shown to the satisfaction of a criminal court to be mentally defective inebriates." Practically speaking this can be done at the present moment; but the courts do not make use of their powers unless in very scandalous cases. The difficult point as to the connection between heredity and mental defect is left vague. The first paragraph informs us that there is the highest degree of probability that "feeble-mindedness is usually spontaneous in origin—that is, not due to influences acting on the parent, and tends strongly to be inherited." This has been seized upon as a contradiction, but the meaning of the paragraph is fairly clear. Influences acting on the parent are evidently those sudden agitations to which the mother has frequently been subject before child-birth, and which have been said to have led to the insanity of her offspring. The phrase "and tends strongly to be inherited" means that the defectiveness of organ is generally inherited, though the feeble-mindedness itself may be spontaneous in origin. Evidently, however, a Commissioner is not

necessarily a person who can write clear English. The subject is a very wide and important one, and the evidence that has been gathered together at such an expenditure of time and trouble will be of very great service when the time comes for legislation to be attempted on the lines here laid down.

The revolution in Turkey is at once the most curious and, in a sense, the most important event that has occurred for some time past, for Turkey has stood out for a long time as an anachronism that no one had power to reform. Other nations have had their Liberal movements, their revolutions, their changes in one direction and another; but the Sultan of Turkey has remained the most absolute of monarchs among his people, refusing political rights and exercising authority in a manner that has been handed down from the ages. Suddenly young Turkey has asserted itself, and, to the surprise of everybody, the Sultan has acquiesced, perhaps believing that he was only bowing to the inevitable. The Turkish Press, after such a long time during which it dared not utter an opinion, has suddenly swept away the restraint under which it laboured, and has begun to preach sermons of liberty. Those imprisoned for political offences were set free, and their enfranchisement was greeted with cheers in the streets. All this was done, nevertheless, with an Oriental dignity and self-control that seemed to augur well for the stability of the movement. The reception given to the new British Ambassador, Sir Gerald Lowther, shows that the work of emancipation is being performed in a spirit of perfect friendliness to this country.

A SONG OF PAN.

I am the oldest Chanter of Melody;
Now through the woods my wonderful phantasies
I, Pan, the Earth-God, play for pleasure,—
Lure to me hither the fauns and satyrs.

My Flute is eldritch, fitted for harmonies
Unknown to mortals, brimming with mysteries;
I fill their hearts with haunting music
Telling of Joy in the power of Evil.

Think not, ye mortals, this cometh easily!
Lo! now I tell you, not with impunity
He strives to know the Hidden Meaning
Stealing in secret over the Threshold.

No more shall Human pleasures be joy to him:
Dead hands shall guide him, ghosts shall encompass him,
No more content with simple wisdom,
Seeking alone the forbidden knowledge.

Take heed then, all ye, lest, by my witcheries
Charm'd, ye become, with a strange metamorphosis,
Halm-Men, midst Men, aspiring earthwards
Walking this Earth, but as less than Human.

E. CLOUGH TAYLOR.

If enthusiasm can carry an Army scheme, it may be taken as certain that Mr. Haldane's success will be greater than was expected. The "Terriers" have taken to camp with energy and delight. Luckily for Mr. Haldane the weather has been ideal, and the men on Salisbury Plain and the other scenes of operations have had an opportunity of learning their duties under the most agreeable circumstances. Military opinion, too, is unanimous in holding that the co-operation of such large bodies of men as are gathered together this week conduces to a far better understanding of warfare than did the small camps which prevailed during the old system. Those who believe that the defence of this country is the greatest and paramount duty of statesmanship at this moment, will be glad to hail the success of the scheme. It matters nothing to them who is responsible for it, if only the resources of the country are utilised to the best account, and we can show a front that will either restrain any European Power from interfering with us, or if interference is persisted in, give us the means of withstanding it. Whether the croakings of the prophets be justified or not, every thoughtful student of politics knows that the path England is treading is at the present moment beset with dangers, and the highest duty that we can perform is to meet them with cheerfulness, courage and resource.

A very sensible course has been taken by the Committee of the House of Lords which has been considering Lord Avebury's Bill respecting the sale of plumage. The Committee recommend that the Government should endeavour to secure International action for the preservation of beautiful birds. It is very evident that this is the only course that promises a successful issue. The ladies of England, so far from being the only people in the world to wear ornaments of feather, probably use them less than those of any other civilised country, and their abstention could only be in the nature of a protest. Its effect upon the total sale of bird plumage would be small indeed, and if the Government were to take Lord Avebury's

Bill and show to foreign legislatures what it is intended to accomplish, it ought not to be difficult to secure their co-operation. While making this recommendation, the Committee endorse the opinion of those who have supported the Bill. They express themselves as satisfied that many birds are greatly reduced in number, and that others are in danger of being exterminated. They also find that the various regulations in the British Colonies and elsewhere, which provide a close season for wild birds, are ineffectual, partly on account of the open market in this and other countries. The circumstances make it imperative that an endeavour should be made to secure an International co-operation in this very difficult matter.

Persons engaged in agriculture owe much to the enterprise of the Great Eastern Railway. For some time past the farmer's box has been an institution with them. The box, it may be explained, is provided by the railway company for the purpose of forwarding produce from the country to the town, and cheap rates have been established for the purpose of conveying vegetables and so on in fresh and palatable condition to the consumer. But the parental care of this company does not end with that. A list of season-ticket holders is prepared for the benefit of the tiller of the soil, who has thus an excellent list of people to whom he may apply for custom, and, on the other hand, a corresponding list is made of those who have farm produce for sale. A copy of the latter is sent gratis. The cost of carriage is very low indeed, 20lb. being conveyed for 4d., while for excess above this, 1d. is charged for every additional 5lb. The arrangement is an excellent one, and it is to be hoped that full advantage will be taken of it.

A small but important announcement reaches us from Queensland, a colony which has made immense strides in dairy-work during recent years, as may be judged from the fact that in a single month, March, 1908, it despatched more than 50,000 boxes of butter to this country, weighing altogether 1,250 tons, and worth £140,000. But a difficulty had arisen as to the stuff out of which the butter boxes are made. Hitherto they have been manufactured from pine, but recently this wood has been going up in price, owing to the extraordinary demands made upon it. Necessity, as ever, is the mother of invention, and someone in Queensland has set his brains to work, with the result that a new box has been invented in the manufacture of which a mixture of caolin and straw is used. The use of this box, it is said, will save the dairy possessor as much as £40,000 a year, as the material for manufacturing it can be grown in the paddock which supports the cow. It weighs about 10½lb., is damp-proof and odourless, and costs 1s. to make. In short, it is one of those economical contrivances which convey benefits in more than one direction.

We notice that an educational contemporary, the *Schoolmaster*, commenting on the fact that under a bye-law, if the local education authority think fit to make it, the children under eleven may work half-time in the fields, says that "work on the farm and in the fields at that tender age is dull, deadening and degrading as to its effects on the barns employed, as well as a standing disgrace to the community which sanctions it." This is extraordinary language to be used, presumably by someone who has to do with the teaching profession. It is just this belief that work on the farm is "dull, deadening and degrading" that is producing nine-tenths of the rural evil at the present time. No one who is qualified to judge will admit anything of the kind. The work may be dull to those unfortunate beings who have to follow the curriculum of an elementary school at the present moment, and sit at the feet of a teacher who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, knows nothing of and cares nothing for Nature; but that, we opine, is the fault of the pedagogue and not of those whom he is supposed to teach. That it is deadening and degrading is a most extraordinary statement to come from an educational newspaper. We may suppose that the writer would consider it enlivening and refining by comparison to sit day by day watching the same machine do the same piece of work and repeat the same operation 100,000 times. If he means anything, he means that the factory is a refining influence and life in the fields is a degradation. Surely there are few Englishmen who will say Amen to such a pestilent doctrine.

We have to congratulate our contemporary the *Garden* on a most successful exhibition. The craze for competition is one which we have never encouraged, except in so far as it results in pleasurable and useful employment; but if ever these conditions apply truly, they do to a flower show, and anyone looking at the beautifully-arranged flowers, plants, fruit and vegetables in the Horticultural Hall last Wednesday, must have been filled with admiration at the skill of those who were able to bring forward those beautiful and useful products of the soil. The exhibition, among other things, showed that the sweet pea is the favourite flower of the moment. It has, of course, the very

great advantage that it can be grown by anybody who possesses a back garden, or even a flower-pot, and it is now grown in such exquisite varieties of colour that a most graceful and beautiful effect can be produced at a minimum expenditure of labour. Yet the judges were perfectly right in bestowing the gold medal for the best exhibit in the show on a case of vegetables. We have seen nothing like them at any show, and the most competent judges were of the same opinion.

Shooting in a sense began on August 1st, many irrepressible guns making their way to East Anglia by the crowded trains on Thursday night, the object, of course, being duck. In the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh and further north than that a good deal of shooting took place, enough, at any rate, to show that the quantity of duck this year is abnormally large and the birds are extremely well forward. By courtesy they are called "flappers" in August; but if flapper means a bird unable to fly, the word was a misnomer. Many young birds flew as well as their parents—or, rather, their female parent, because the mallard at this season is moulting his feathers, and does not belong to one of those species in which the male bird assumes the parental duties.

NIGHT.

The cavern of night is immense and its stars in a quivering crowd Are throbbing in infinite space o'er the earth-clinging vapours of cloud. Then deep from the ocean of air, where the wind-waves are folded to rest, A ripple of movement flows down to caress the somnolent earth's dark breast.

The flush of the evening has faded at last from its covetous red; The star of the west is a lamp through the curtain that darkness has spread; And the hurrying moments of effort and woe have at length given way To the hour-glass of night, when the pulse is as slow as the minutes of day.

SYBIL BLUNT.

If Carlyle were living to-day he might possibly be inclined to revise some of his opinions about the national heroes. If we remember his book rightly, Shakespeare, Dante, Oliver Cromwell were some of the heroes whose praises he sang. To-day, according to some commentators, the British public has chosen as its heroes very different types of men. Most of us remember, some weeks earlier in the year, when a person accused of a most flagrant offence and who had been confessedly guilty of conduct not tolerated in polite society received the cheers of the multitude, and within the last week a similar ebullition of idolatry has been evoked in circumstances equally strange. Does this mean, as *The Times*, among other papers, has asserted, that we are becoming a more sentimental race? We scarcely think so. England has not previously found national expression in the crowds which surrounded the Old Bailey, and those crowds were just as capricious in their choice of heroes as those of the present day. At a time when Jonathan Wild was carted out to Tyburn he and other gentlemen of the road were as likely to receive applause as any; but the cheers of the mob of desperadoes who rejoiced in witnessing an execution were not thought to give anyone admission to a place among heroes, and we decline to think that the shouting round the Old Bailey at any time is an indication of the thoughts of sober Englishmen.

Undoubtedly the man of the season in cricket is Hirst. On Saturday he accomplished the double feat of having made 1,000 runs and of having taken 100 wickets, and the position in which his county stands is in large measure due to his magnificent play in the early part of the season. On wet wickets he is unapproachable as a bowler, and as a batsman he has the supreme merit of rising to the occasion when the need of his team is that someone should get them out of a difficulty. There is no pluckier or better all-round professional alive at the present moment. He is one of those, too, of whom as much as this may be inferred from his appearance. Not tall and, therefore, not possessing a great reach, he is, nevertheless, framed on the model of a giant, and one can scarcely imagine the day in which he would be utterly exhausted. What sheer endurance plays in a very long innings is easily seen. Before a batsman has reached the end of his first century it is pretty certain that both bowlers and fielders must be feeling the effects of their unavailing attempts to get him out. It is then that muscle on the batsman's part begins to tell, and probably there are few, if any, stronger men than Hirst playing cricket at the present moment.

It has long been a subject of complaint in many country districts that it is becoming increasingly hard, or even impossible, to obtain the services of a competent thatcher for the roofs of cottages and farms. It is an industry which is dying out, with that of the hedger and ditcher. The complaint is now beginning

to be heard in the more acute and general form that it becomes very difficult to get even that little amount, and comparatively simple quality, of thatching work which is required for the covering and protection of hayricks and cornstacks. The inference to be drawn is that the small farmer will do well to acquire for himself some elementary knowledge of this, which is, after all, not a very complicated art. At a pinch he would then, if he did undertake the work with his own hand, be able to direct some of those in his employ to perform it "for better or worse"; and in the circumstances it might be a help to agriculturists if the Board of Agriculture would supplement their present very valuable series of leaflets with one dealing with the elements of thatching.

Some casual references in these notes to the exasperating habit of trout of "bulging," i.e., taking the flies as they come up,

casting off their nymphal covering, through the water rather than on the surface, has led to an enquiry as to the best way for the angler to deal with these troublesome fish. There is hardly a best way, for none is really very effective, but we believe that the least inadequate is to sink the fly down among the trout, since they will not look at it sailing above them. And this is best done by clipping the wings of the fly or tying the wings down. Then it will sink readily enough, and, as we fondly hope, bear some resemblance, which may deceive a hungry fish, to the real fly coming up. But the chief trouble is that these "bulging" fish are not stationary for a moment, they are always on the move after the moving fly, so it is only by a happy accident if our imitation is really presented to them. Still, we know no other way as good as this, such as it is. The spent gnat is often tried on the fish "bulging" at May-fly, but we believe that the ordinary fly with the clipped wing is better.

COUNTRY LESSONS FOR TOWN BOYS.



THE MUSICAL WHIRR OF THE REAPER.

THEY say that a little practice is worth a great deal of theory, and this encourages me to believe that my experience with children may be of benefit to others. It ought to be stated at the outset that I follow a business calling which necessitates residence in town. In fact, so arduous and full of care is my occupation that it has called for the most assiduous attention. Probably there are many thousands in London at the present moment who are occupying a very similar position. Under modern conditions, what is called a successful man works his way slowly upward by degrees, and he has to give so much attention to his occupation that he has little time and less energy left for directing the mental development of his children. Further, I may confess that Providence shaped me without those graces of mind that naturally enable

one to create an atmosphere of literature and art in the home. Constant dealing with pounds, shillings and pence tends no more to the education of the imaginative faculty than did the study of science help Charles Darwin in that way. And for many years I was conventional enough to follow the class to which I belong; that is to say that when holiday time came round we took a more or less stuffy lodging at some seaside place, and the children

were turned out to enjoy themselves on the sands. No doubt they did enjoy themselves, and after a month at the watering-place selected for that year had gained much in health at least. But there was very little in the process that brought new ideas and knowledge into their lives. They knew little more of the country than could be seen from the windows of an express train flying along at the rate of fifty miles



LAYING ON FLESH RAPIDLY.

an hour. No doubt it was pleasant and interesting enough to look out of the window and watch the shifting panorama of an English landscape; the labourer at his task, the cattle in the meadows, hay-field and harvest figures and men and animals all rushing past like pictures shown in a cinematograph. But of them they were entirely ignorant, and it was easy to be seen that the seaside holiday in time came to stifle interest rather than stimulate it. Thinking of all this, it came into my mind to try the effect of taking permanently a little country house to which they could go whenever a school vacation occurred in the course of the year and which would become a home to them. Incidentally I may give it as my opinion that a suburban house never collects



THE FARMYARD POULTRY.

to make any use of them whatever. It was different when we started the simple life in a cottage in one of the Home Counties. For the first time the children had an opportunity of watching



CONTENTED.

around it those associations which make up the idea of a home. The little gardens at front and rear are not big enough to make a playground of, and are usually kept with such a zeal for neatness that the small occupants of the dwelling are not allowed

that pageant of the year which unrolls itself before the eyes of those who dwell far from the madding crowd. In the town there is little more than a difference of temperature to mark the change from winter to spring, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn and from autumn back to winter. A little foliage may be seen on the park trees and a few flowers in the park, but how many days that are glorious under a blue sky spread over the open fields are dull and murky in smoke-veiled London? Previously they had no idea that the country could be interesting about Christmas-time. It was a revelation that then the spring bulbs began to cleave the ground, a crocus came out here and there, and even in mid-winter there were stirrings that suggest the coming of spring. Moreover, among the bare trees they saw birds and squirrels as they cannot be seen in the thick leafage of summer. Then the delight of watching bud and blossom come first in the shape of tender little wildlings and swell by degrees into a vast army of beautiful flowers. I do not by any means say that they understood or cared about the poetry of all this; children are, as a matter of fact, extremely practical. Yet there was no mistaking the



CARRYING PEAS.

pleasure with which they discovered the appearance of this or that flower and the coming into fields of lambs, calves, foals and the other frolicsome livestock of the farms. To watch all these gave them new ideas, and so it was with the processes of agriculture. They learnt that the ploughman ploughed the ground and the farmer sowed the grain with a definite object in view, and they watched with keen apprehension the appearance of the green spear points and their growth

till the culminating period was reached and the yellow grain fell under the knives of the reapers. They might have seen something like this before from the window of a railway carriage; but the knowledge gained in the actual field, obtained by closely following and even taking a small part in these operations, was as different as can be from that vaguer apprehension which comes to those who sit apart. So it was with the animals that feed in the meadows



A TERROR TO SMALL FOLK.

round our little house. They began to rouse a personal interest, and every detail in the biographies of farmstock appealed to them, but particularly that of the farmyard—the mixture of turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese—commonly found cackling and gobbling in the same company. The country in which we are situated is not only agricultural; it has round it some of the finest beech woods in England, and needless to say these stimulated the curiosity of the youngsters to an extraordinary degree. The forest always has something of mystery about it, but who can look at the more or less trodden path wandering into those shadowy depths without wishing to follow and explore them? And the woodland yielded innumerable pages of learning so pleasant and easy that one does not like to use so serious a word as study with regard to them. Yet the child who discovers that mosses under the trees, on the old walls and in marshy places are not the same in every way, but present a



IN THE HAYFIELD.

vast number of types and varieties, has added appreciably to his stock of knowledge. It was the same with the ferns, whose green leaves filled up the shady corners in summer; they learnt something of the different kinds, and began to watch for variations with something of that joy which belongs to the naturalist. And the actual life proved still more entralling than the plants. Like all town children, they used to have many fears and prejudices in

regard to small inhabitants of the meadow and the spinny. The frog, for instance, was an abhorrent creature to be dreaded and avoided. It was something to learn its harmlessness and to watch its ways. To hear it croaking in spring, when the love passion thrills even its cold blood, was a revelation. It is curious that nearly all school books contain many references to the croaking of frogs, and yet town children, and many country children, too, have never heard the song of the frog, and are unable to say what it is the first time that it comes to them. Their discoveries about wild life were, indeed, endless. They learnt of the little mice that potter about the hedgerow and live in fear of their enemies, of the owl that comes sailing so soberly round the house after dusk, and of the weasel that, when hedges are bare, can be seen hunting its tiny prey with the assiduity of a miniature bloodhound. They learnt to watch the water-voles that swim in the small stream that trickles down the meadow and they learnt—that joy of boyhood—to capture and tame the squirrel and its tiny relative, the dormouse, which copies its habits so closely. It is not in any single



THE MYSTERY OF THE WOODLAND.

detail that the children have improved so much as in general intelligence. It has been said that any young countryman can, in the course of a few weeks, pick up all that is peculiar to the town, while a young townsman never can pick up country lore after a certain age. But these boys, fortunately for themselves,

were taken young, and an advantage of having this country cottage is that they have lost nothing of the culture of city life, while they have gained much in understanding both Nature and the primitive work of man who continues to till the ground and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

O.

A COUNTRY COUNCIL ENQUIRY.

THE President of the Board of Agriculture gave such a glowing account of the working of the Small Holdings Act of last year in the House of Lords that it might interest your readers to know something of the working of the Act, so if I describe a local enquiry under the Act, held by the order of a county council, which I was able to attend a few days ago, they will see the practical as well as the theoretical side. The district was an ordinary country district, some way from a railway station and market, with fairly large farms on which a good deal of stock is reared. In some places a quantity of potatoes was grown. Except that, there is no special cultivation and so far as one could see no opening for any; it is an ordinary district that can be found in any English county. Three county councillors attended to hold the enquiry. The one who presided, Mr. A., was obviously a man who had had a good deal of experience in land; but he rather leaned to the landlord side, and was inclined to view the matter from the standpoint of an agent of a large estate. The second, Mr. B., a tenant farmer, seemed not to object to small holdings, provided the sitting tenant was not interfered with; while the third, Mr. C., was a very different man. He was, obviously, a strong Radical who was a believer in small holdings as the last political cure for all agricultural ills. It soon became clear that he possessed but little practical knowledge of what he was talking about, and regarded the whole question from a vote rather than a crop producing point. It came out during the enquiry that he had been previously stumping the district, telling the men the details of the great charter of liberties the Government had passed to redeem them from landlord slavery, and not only promising them that they could have all they asked for, but stating that Parliament had found the money to start them on the land; that all they had to do was to fix on the land they wanted and tell the county council they had done so, and that if the county council did not get them that land immediately, they had but to write to the Board of Agriculture, who would send down a Commissioner and put them on the land at once, and give them the money to stock it. Such statements as these, wildly made by irresponsible persons who knew no more what they were talking about than the applicants, had greatly raised the local expectations. The room was full—a number of labourers, some villagers, some loafers and some who, like myself, had come to see the fun. The chairman, Mr. A., began by saying the county council had had for the district 117 applications for land amounting to 867 acres, in quantities varying from an acre up to thirty-five acres. Nine of the applicants wanted to purchase the land and 108 to hire. In view of this the council had made enquiries as to what land they could get. They would have no difficulty in meeting the cases of those who wanted to purchase if the men were prepared to pay down the fifth of the purchase money as the Act required, and the council would also put up cottages and buildings and charge the holding with the repayment by forty equal instalments of principal and interest. The instalments would represent just under £3 an acre, and the applicants would have to ballot for the choice of the holdings into which the land would be divided. The men expressed themselves as quite satisfied and it seemed as if, so far as purchase was concerned, all was settled. Mr. C., however, said he thought men were foolish to buy when it was so much better to rent. His remark elicited some cheers from the persons who had not applied to buy. The buyers, however, appeared quite content. The chairman then went on to address the 108 applicants to hire and stated the council had made all enquiries, but found great difficulty in getting landowners to let their land, as the land was all tenanted and none was likely to become vacant. Seven hundred acres was a large lot to get at short notice, but the council had done its best and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had agreed to let the council about 200 acres made up of three plots in different places, Blackacre, Whiteacre and Greyacre; the present tenants would give up possession at Lady Day, 1909; so the men could be put in possession next year. This statement had a very unpleasant effect on the audience. Several cries of "We want it at once," "That is no good," were made. Mr. A. continued: "You should be glad to get it so soon; it is only by arrangement you can do so. If the council try to get it earlier they must pay compensation, which you will have to repay." This produced some groans and cries of "We won't," "Not likely." Mr. A. continued: "This must be settled at once, for the rent

will depend on it. The Act says the county council must not lose and must charge such a rent as will cover all costs; so if the farmer has to be paid to go, it will put at least another £1. an acre on the rent." This produced a storm. Mr. C. was appealed to and said he was afraid it was so. He was at once told that was different from what he had said when last there. He replied: "The question was not raised then. I never thought that anything other than the usual procedure would take place." This did not please the meeting. One bold man said, "Why should us pay the farmer? He has had enough out of us." This drew Mr. B. He said that farming was bad now, and a man could not give up his property without being paid. "Why not?" was said. "If it is so bad as you say, we are doing you good by taking it off you." Mr. B. did not look happy, and things were getting pretty lively, so to get matters right the chairman proposed to go through the list of applicants and postpone any question until it was quite clear what land was wanted. The names of the applicants were called out. The first half-dozen had already allotments under the county council. On being told that by the rules of the Board of Agriculture they must wait until the men who had no land were all satisfied, they became very cross, and said, "they had been promised land. They could do it well. Anyone might go and see their allotments, and could see this. Why could they not have more? Why were they to wait?" "Board of Agriculture rules," said the chairman. Then they turned on Mr. C. and said, "You told us the Board would get us land. Now it seems like they be stopping us from having it." The next man said he wanted ten acres. He had no money, but he had children, and could make them work on it. "How old are they?" asked the chairman. "Eldest a boy of eleven; can't I have him out of school and make him work?" "What will you do?" was the chairman's remark. "Why, make him work, of course; how else should I get the rent?" was the answer. "We will consider your application and speak to you afterwards," said the chairman. Then came a batch who wanted to know what the rent was going to be. "I can't tell you," said the chairman, but not less than £2 an acre." "Then we will go to the Board of Agriculture," was the reply. A number did not answer to their names. The £2 had had a depressing effect. A large number of men then came; the very men whom I thought the Act was meant to help—agricultural labourers, who wanted some land, from one acre to five acres, to grow stuff for their own consumption. They all told the same tale. Their wages were 15s. a week and a cottage, all they had was their furniture and they had put nothing by. When asked how they could get any stock or implements they said, "Oh, the Board would find them." Mr. A. said, "If they don't, how will you get them?" "We don't know," was the reply, and, pointing to Mr. C., "He told us we should get them." The chairman said he was afraid they would not as that was not what the Board's money was for. I have seldom seen a sadder sight. They turned away with a very disappointed look. What the county council will do in such a case it is hard to say. What can they do? But I think there is a bad time in store for those who have deceived them. Then came a shop-keeper, who also wanted five acres of pasture to keep a horse to take out his goods. He was very insistent that the Act said he must have it at agricultural rent, not at accommodation rent. Three men then came who wanted ten acres each. On being questioned they admitted that they had all had land and had given it up; two said because it did not pay, the third said because the landlord insisted on being paid the rent when it could not be made. His theory was that rent should only be paid in good seasons, and it was to be left to the tenant to say what were good seasons. On the list being gone through the applicants had divided themselves into the following classes:

1. Eligible.
2. Eligible, but who had already land.
3. Eligible, but who had no capital nor the means of getting any.
4. Eligible, but who want the land for some special purpose, not cultivation, and do not want to pay for accommodation land.
5. Eligible, but who will only take certain land that they have fixed upon and no other.
6. Eligible, but who will pay only such rent as they consider right.
7. Those who have had land and given it up or been turned out for bad farming.
8. Those who have had no experience, but who want to try what they can do.
9. Ineligible.

This reduced the number of 100 applicants to about twenty and the acreage to about 250. It is a curious point that the more ineligible the man the larger number of acres he applied for. The chairman then asked how many of the applicants would be prepared to take Blackacre. He thought it could be divided into six small holdings. Would any of the candidates whose applications had been accepted say if they would take a part of Blackacre? When he got six who would they could ballot for places. There was a dead silence. "We don't want it," at last someone said, "we want some of Farmer Brown's land down by the brook." It was pointed out that Farmer Brown was a dairy farmer and his land by the brook was necessary for his farm. "That is what we want," was the reply. "You can't have it," said Mr. A. "But you (Mr. C.) told us we could. We had only to point out the land and you would make the county council give it us," said one. Mr. C. did not appear to be comfortable. He said nothing. Mr. B. now said, "But you must not injure the sitting tenant." "Sitting tenant; he ought to be the hopping tenant, he ought," was the answer. The chairman called "Order! Will anyone take any of Blackacre?" "Noa," was the answer. "Well, Whiteacre?" said Mr. A. "What rent?" asked one of the eligibles. "About 50s.," said Mr. A. "That's too much; it is let at 35s.," was the reply. "But," said Mr. A., "there are

others costs to go on to that before the county council can let it." "Never mind them. We ought to have it same as the farmers," was the answer. "But you can't by law," said Mr. A. "He (pointing to Mr. C.) said as we could, and we aren't going to pay more." "Well, then, you can't have it," was Mr. A.'s reply. It seemed that a deadlock had been reached. The men would not have Blackacre at any price, Whiteacre only at the price the farm tenant paid for it and no more; and this was also to apply to the other selected land the men wanted. On being told that the county council could not legally do this, the men replied they would send to the Board of Agriculture and get a man down who would make the council do it. The chairman's temper at last gave way, and he said, "It is no use going on with the meeting. You had better send to the Board of Agriculture and you will find out your mistake," and he declared the meeting ended. As we left, one of the labourers, pointing to Mr. C., asked him "What made you come here and tell us a pack of lies?" Mr. C. was discreetly silent. I do not know if this is a fair specimen of a County Council Small Holdings Enquiry, as it is the only one I have been able to attend. If it is, it looks to me as if the President of the Board of Agriculture will need all his ability to make the Act a success in practice, however rosily he may present the result of its working to the House of Lords.

INQUIRER.

A WANDERER FROM THE NORTH.

HERE are few birds on the British list, ranking either as migratory or resident species, which can claim to have aroused such widespread interest among sportsmen and naturalists as the long-billed wanderer which forms the subject of the present article. Controversy has raged around its migrations, the mystery of its movements being enhanced by the nocturnal habits which are such a marked characteristic of the species. The marvellous instinct of migration which leads the autumn flights to milder climes ere yet the iron grip of winter closes on their Northern home has given rise to much speculation, and the investigations of modern naturalists have thrown much light on the habits of these, as of other, migrants from Northern Europe. The preference evinced by the woodcock for certain localities, to which the flights return with extreme regularity year by year, leads us to assume that they are led by members of the species which have here found food and shelter during a previous winter. The absolute silence with which their movements are conducted has made it still more difficult to trace their course, and I am not aware that a flight has ever been



CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE NEST.



CHANGING HER POSITION.

seen travelling in daylight. Geese and other migrants may often be seen, as well as heard, on their well-known routes, and the writer has personally witnessed a large flight of snipe crossing the mountain barriers of the Grampians in the full glare of a winter's sun to escape from the frost-bound valleys where they had hitherto found sustenance. In the growing light of an autumn dawn we may see the long-billed woodcock passing on their way, to drop exhausted in the first cover with which they meet. We may see them in the fading light of evening, as the shadows lengthen ere the summer night comes on, or the chill beams of the winter moon may reveal them to our sight for a brief moment as we crouch waiting for the incoming fowl. Some fall victims to the fowler, to the gun or to the net; but the vast majority pass inland on their moonlight journey unscathed. They are here one day and gone the next, or, perchance, if food be plentiful, they may linger till, flushed by dog or man, they meet their fate. The similarity of the plumage of the bird to its surroundings is another point which must arouse our interest. As a nocturnal feeder, sleeping by day, the comparative helplessness of the

[Aug. 8th, 1908.]



TURNING THE EGGS WITH HER PREHENSILE CLAW.

species would lead it into danger were it not for its instinctive choice of a resting-place where foliage or undergrowth are of such a colour as to blend with its plumage. Its hearing is abnormally acute, and the first unusual sound has the effect of freezing the bird in whatever position it may happen to be, a repetition of the noise causing it to lower itself gradually to the ground, the bill pressed into the moss and the body extended flat on the ground, the tail also being lowered. This peculiarity is exemplified by the illustration showing the female crouching close to the nest, which gives an accurate idea of the position assumed. The nest is always carefully placed in such a situation that both the eggs and the bird herself are almost indistinguishable from their surroundings at a casual glance. I have more than once taken a friend to see a woodcock sitting on the nest, and have always been struck by the difficulty experienced by them in locating the bird. This is especially noticeable in the case of one unskilled in woodcraft. The number of eggs laid is four, and it frequently happens that one of these is addled. In the majority of the nests which I have

seen one egg has thus been left behind when hatching time arrived. This is probably due to the early date on which the first eggs are laid, generally in the last days of March or in the first week of April. Second clutches—for the woodcock rears two broods in a favourable season—generally hatch off better, showing that the spring frosts are responsible for the loss of the first laid egg. The writer has seen a clutch of eggs as late as the first week of August, the brood being hatched off a few days later; and it is not uncommon to see young birds about half grown when the woods are first beaten for black-game and rabbits.

I have only once seen a woodcock feeding in daylight during open weather in the autumn, and this bird was evidently in poor condition, having probably just arrived. In hard weather, however, they may be seen feeding in the springs; but, unless the snow is soft, it is difficult to approach them unheard. On these occasions the instinct to remain motionless often

plays them false, and part of the plumage showing plainly against the snow reveals their presence to the gunner. It is,



SUSPICIOUS: CROUCHING BY THE NEST.

however, in the neighbourhood of the nest that the naturalist finds the best opportunities of watching the bird feeding and conducting her toilet—with so cleanly a species a somewhat lengthy operation. For a few hours every day the writer enjoyed this treat for a whole week on end, and from his hiding-place in the neighbourhood of the nest was enabled to watch her movements, though his presence was totally unsuspected. During the severe frosts towards the close of April she stuck to her post with marvellous fortitude, though other birds were deserting their nests all around. When leaving the nest she made no attempt to conceal the eggs, the dead leaves of the birch and poplar which surrounded them making this precaution quite unnecessary. After the first few days she showed no fear of the camera, and, in spite of this, her absence from the nest during the day became more prolonged as incubation proceeded. On one occasion she was feeding and preening herself for three hours and a-half close to my shelter; but this seeming carelessness had no ill-effect whatever upon the eggs, three out of four being successfully hatched. On one occasion she found a worm and



SETTLING DOWN.

devoured it leisurely, with beak turned up skywards, but for the most part her diet consisted of such minute creatures that they were invisible at a distance. Of these she evidently found a plentiful supply among the dead leaves and bracken, although the weather was bitterly cold. At intervals she would come and inspect the eggs to see that all was safe, and, satisfied, would again resume her feast. On occasions she disappeared entirely, no doubt for water, there being little in the vicinity. When coming to the nest the woodcock approaches cautiously, listening for the least sound which may betray the presence of an intruder. If satisfied she fluffs up her tail feathers over her back and settles on to the eggs as shown in the photograph. She then gradually lowers the tail, sinking down contented to the usual position.

Wishing to ascertain how she changed the position of the eggs, I turned them over on my arrival on one occasion, and the back view reproduced, showing her clutching an egg in her long, prehensile claw, was then obtained. I never saw the bill used for this purpose, the feet being invariably utilised, together with a shuffling motion of the body. During the whole period I never saw the cock bird, though, if alive, he would undoubtedly join her when the young were hatched. Possibly he visited her, lover-like, under cover of night, but in any case he did not strike one as an attentive spouse. In explanation of the photographs I should mention that, when the nest was found by a shepherd, one egg was thrown out and cracked as the bird flew off. This egg I removed in case of accidents, hence only three are depicted.

That the woodcock carries her young I have ample proof, and have every reason to believe that this particular one removed hers deliberately from the neighbourhood of my shelter. The young were hatched on a cold day with pouring rain, and, though very anxious to photograph them on their arrival, it would have been sheer cruelty to have kept the mother from them for even a few minutes. I therefore left them till the following morning, hoping to find them quite close to the nest. The last hatched would be about twelve hours old when I again arrived on the scene, but of woodcock, young or old, there was no sign. It was impossible that they could have run far and the whole wood was carefully searched in vain. I then went home for a retriever who points woodcock with great certainty, but he likewise failed to locate them. It may therefore be assumed that they were carried away from what the mother considered a zone of danger.

In this connection it should be noted that the old bird, when flushed in the neighbourhood of the young, frequently drops the tail between her dangling legs in such a manner as to give the impression that she is carrying a young one. Those who assert that she does not carry them point to this peculiarity, suggesting that it has given rise to the theory. While some are undoubtedly thus deceived, I am of the opinion that the tail is only dropped when she has no time to seize a chick. The young, however, have been shot in their parent's grasp in August, no doubt a late or second brood. It is needless to say that this was done accidentally, and my source of information is reliable. In spring and summer the woodcock utters two distinct notes, one the croak familiar to us all, the other a low squeak which is far more common. Both of these were uttered by the bird when feeding round her nest.

It is satisfactory to note the increase in the numbers of woodcock which breed in this country during recent years, but at the same time we must acknowledge that there is a corresponding decrease in the numbers of those which arrive in the autumn flights. To a great extent planting is responsible for this increase, as the young woods now growing up all over the Highlands afford them the shelter and quiet which they love. The woodcock is a lover of solitude, a dweller in the quiet places of the earth,

and the society of other birds is not congenial. In the pheasant coverts it may pause a while, but there is no silence here, and on noiseless pinions it flits away with the incoming morn.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

FORESTRY IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

WITH a constantly-increasing demand for timber, especially of the fir kind, and steadily-decreasing supplies from all sources, the afforestation of the Scottish Highlands is likely to become a burning question before long, and none are so much interested in the subject as owners of estates of little value agriculturally, but likely to become very valuable under timber crops consisting of a few particular species of trees, the quality and value of which are now being realised when grown on correct sylvicultural principles. Much has been said and written about forestry schools and teaching areas, but while British woods remain private property, uncontrolled by the State, the future progress of forestry in this country will depend mainly on the voluntary action of private owners—many of whom are now cautiously moving in the right direction, but need encouragement.

To put it pithily

and shortly, the forests of Germany, not to mention France and Russia, cover 26 per cent. of the land, most of it poor waste land at high elevations, but yield, according to reliable statistics, a profit of 9s. per acre. This rent, as will be shown further on, might in all probability be doubled or trebled under similar conditions in this country, where at present the land under timber is put at about 3*1*/*2* per cent., but is probably considerably less owing to our woods usually containing from half to a quarter the crop of timber per acre as compared with dense German forests. In Germany a third of the forests belong to the State, and the other two-thirds, belonging to communities or private owners, are more or less controlled by the State and conducted on correct sylvicultural principles that nobody disputes.

The West Coast of the North of Scotland is rugged, mountainous and deeply indented by sea lochs, with every variety of aspect, and the soil so thin as to be unfit for any agricultural purpose except sheep grazing. To the landowner that means a rent, over thousands of acres, of from 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. 6*d*. per acre, and in some cases even less. This, as will be shown further on, might be raised by planting timber to at least 2*s*. 0*d*. or 3*s*. per acre. The lochs and inlets present facilities for the removal of timber by water, and these inlets are used already to carry coals, timber and other goods to many places along the coast, some estates having little piers of their own for the purpose. There are now also railway facilities. It is the climate, however, of the West of Scotland that favours the growth of timber. On the hills the soil is thin and next to no draining is needed; in fact, a few bright days will sometimes parch the mountain sides after a heavy rain. The two main factors favouring the growth of trees are the mild climate and heavy rainfall. It has long been known that a heavy rainfall favours tree growth as long as the land is not actually waterlogged. With regard to the climate of the West Coast of Scotland, people from the South entertain the most absurd ideas. About the end of March last, I travelled from Wilts and Somerset to Dunach, on the slopes of Loch Feochan, the beautiful seat of Mr. T. H. Macdonald, a few miles north of Oban. When we left Wilts spring-flowering shrubs, like the flowering currant and others, daffodils and primroses, etc., were here and there just peeping out of their buds; at Dunach, the last week in March, they were in full bloom, and on the lawn in front of the house a heap of grass was lying that the gardener had



RETURNING TO HER DUTIES.

just cut with the lawn-mower, the first cut lawn we had seen for the season. It is said that the Highland cattle about Mull and Oban have green grass to eat all the year round, and one can believe it in such a climate. The prevailing west winds are the worst enemy, and most to be feared; but they are not always blowing, and some trees will stand strong, soft west winds that will not endure the keen east winds of the East of Scotland and some parts of England.

Not far from Dunach, on a mountain-side of no great extent, over £1,000 worth of timber was lately offered that included as fine trees of larch, spruce, Scotch fir, ash, sycamore, beech, elm and cherry as could be found almost anywhere in England, and not far from this about £3,000 worth of pure larch on an exposed mountain-side was sold at a price representing an annual rent far in excess of anything that could be expected from either sheep or deer forest. Proprietors are beginning to realise the prospects of profitable planting, and an example is being set on this estate of Dunach. The writer was quite surprised at the extent of Mr. Macdonald's operations. He is acquainted with those estates in the North and South which have been often alluded to as practical forestry centres, but where, in most cases, the practice is rather "plotty" and experimental; but at Dunach the plots run from fifty acres upwards. It took more than one whole cold afternoon in March to circumnavigate one steep hill of 100 acres or more, planted to the summit with common and Japanese larch, Douglas fir, Sitka spruce and silver fir, while in the home nurseries and other plantations something like half a million trees were being dealt with. On this hill one fact rather surprised and vexed one, and that was the presence of a new enemy to the Japanese larch in the shape of black game, which had nipped the leading buds out of nearly every Jap we saw and left the common larch almost untouched. Writers who have tried their best to infect the Japanese larch with the larch blight and failed, would be comforted if they saw what the blackcock and his mate, "the bonny muir hen," can do in that way. We put both up from their work. It is rather curious that in South Wales, the week before, we saw the Japanese larch just as severely injured by rabbits and the common larch left. At Dunach there are no big home nurseries of the old expensive type, but there are several here and there of different sizes, all crammed, and one, stumbled on unexpectedly high up on the mountain, reminded one of the little nurseries in the Hartz Mountains—small enclosures of wire-netting near where planting operations went on periodically and with economy in the working. Dunach has already been discovered by the agricultural colleges of the West of Scotland; and some experimental examples of density greatly pleased exponents of the Continental system if they rather appalled pupils of the old school who believed in the "light and air" theory.

Some of the most notable facts observable at Dunach are the behaviour of the Sitka spruce, the robust rapid growth of the Japanese larch and Douglas fir, and the superior behaviour of the silver fir as a shade bearer in under-planting. Hitherto I have not been very partial to the Sitka spruce because its timber is white and inferior to the Douglas fir. It has, however, lately been described as indifferent to soil and situation, as growing at the same rapid rate as the Douglas fir, as resisting the gales and not losing its leader like the latter, for which reason it has been strongly recommended to be mixed in some proportion with the Douglas as a wind-break. These four species, if I am not mistaken, are likely to form the forests of the future in the Highlands, replacing the Scotch fir and birch which for ages provided the timber supply of the North—the birch being used for a multitude of purposes, as it is now in Northern Russia, which, since railways were extended there, has practically killed the home birch timber trade. The Douglas fir has been described correctly as the fastest growing tree in Europe, and as producing timber almost as good as larch, but as far as the rate of growth is concerned it appears to be matched by the Sitka spruce. This is the case at Dunach, where the two species are growing together, but the Sitka spruce is growing equally well on wet and dry soils. On one spot the ground was so spongy and soft as to resemble what in Scotland is called a "shag-bog." A tree that will thrive on soils varying greatly in quality and texture is worth the attention of planters.

Another interesting feature at Dunach was the behaviour of the silver fir as a shade-bearer. It is only beginning to be realised in this country that, in order to grow timber successfully and make the most of conditions, timber trees must be divided into two sections, viz., shade-bearers and light demanders. The former prefer the light also, but will endure much shade, and hence may be useful for filling up vacant spaces in old woods where there is overhead canopy, and where light-demanders will not grow. The silver fir is probably the best shade-bearer known, and will grow up under the beech even, which is noted for destroying nearly all other trees and plants that come under its shade. An example of this is to be seen in the valley below the lofty Castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach in Germany, where the name of the castle or of the dukedom (we forget which at the moment) is printed on a beech forest in huge letters composed of silver firs about 100ft. high. The firs were planted ten years after the beech, and had to fight their way up through the latter as best they could. When we saw them they overtopped the beech by 20ft. and every letter showed up distinctly from the castle above. I was reminded of this forest when I saw at Dunach a wood of larch and other trees under-planted with silver fir and Douglas fir, and in which the former beat the latter in growth and healthy appearance. The Douglas fir will bear shade also, and I once saw a good example of it planted under larch at Novar, Mr. Munro Ferguson's estate in Ross-shire, but the Dunach examples were the best we have seen. As regards the Japanese larch, it is planted in many situations over the Dunach estate, and to a great extent, and its entire freedom from disease and its rapid growth ought to satisfy anyone open to conviction that it is likely to be one of the best British forest trees of the future. Its rate of growth, as compared with the common larch, is of no consequence; it grows tall enough and thick enough to form a first-rate timber crop, and that is all the timber-grower wants.

J. SIMPSON.

CREATURES OF THE SUMMER SUN.

MANY unobservant dwellers in the country see butterflies almost every day for six months in the year, yet have an idea that all butterflies are either white or brown. If their attention were forcibly called to individual specimens they would have to recognise that some were also yellow and some blue; but it is worth the expenditure of a little trouble to learn to enjoy the extraordinary beauty of the majority of the seventy different kinds which can be accounted British. Of these seventy a dozen are extremely rare. Of the remainder something over a score of kinds must, in the course of a summer or two, pass before the eyes of everyone who lives in the country, for they are creatures of the garden, the lane, the field and the hedge-row; and among the common sorts are some of the most beautiful. The admirable photographs by Mr. Hugh Main show a representative of each of the important families into which the British butterflies may be divided, and it will be noticed that they are not photographs of set and dry specimens, but, being taken from life, they show the insect in its normal attitude at rest shortly after emergence from the chrysalis. There are, indeed, two or three butterflies to be found in England which do not belong to any of these eight families, but fall into interstices between; yet, none the less (if with them we include three yellows), the Swallow-tails, the Whites, the Fritillaries, the Vanessas or Angle-wings, as they are sometimes called, the Browns, the Hairstreaks, the Blues and the Skippers practically include the whole list, and anyone who has an acquaintance with the differences between these families possesses already the groundwork of a knowledge of British butterflies. Lordliest of all is the Swallow-tail, being to the lesser folk what the golden eagle is to other British birds. True, there are other species which rival it in size, the brilliance of colouring and even in swiftness of movement, just as there are other birds of prey hardly less kingly than the eagles. But no one who has watched the



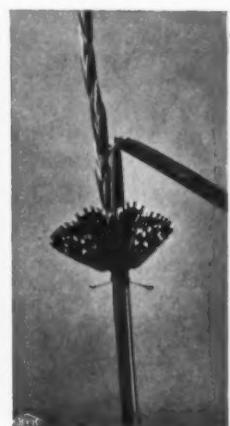
PAINTED LADY.

Swallow-tail, with its extraordinary freedom and strength of flight, ranging the wide levels of the Fens which are its home, can refuse to concede it first place among our day-flying lepidoptera. The places where the Swallow-tail is likely to be seen in England are few. Occasional specimens are found at intervals in unexpected places; but it is practically confined to certain localities in the Fens and parts of the Norfolk Broads, and is not therefore one of the score of wayside butterflies which every country-dweller has perforce to see. The case is otherwise with the Large White, which can hardly fail to pass before the eyes of everyone, whether in the country or town, whose lot is not cast in actual slums. It would be well, perhaps, if the creature were less common, for it is the caterpillar of the Large White which works most damage in our kitchen gardens and which is most likely to intrude itself unkindly on our notice when cooked among the greenstuff. On the wing, to the ordinary eye, the butterfly looks not unlike a scrap of white paper—somewhat larger it may be than other similar scraps which are dancing about the flower-beds, but a white scrap none the less. Yet when looked at closely it is found to be richly coloured by an artist of admirable taste. The ground colour of the wings is less of white than of a soft cream, beautifully velvety, on which the markings of deep black are, especially in the females, boldly splashed. There are birds which have plumage of black and white, but nowhere in Nature, perhaps, is this same combination of rich black and cream found (not in bird, or flower, or other insect) in the same handsomeness of contrast and beauty of texture. Milliners and dressmakers know what an effective colour scheme the combination makes, and milliners and dressmakers might borrow hints from butterflies oftener than they do. The Fritillaries, for instance, of which one of the smaller kinds is shown in the photograph, sitting with wings half-out-spread, are all charmingly chequered in shades of orange and golden yellow and black, or deep brown. The black and yellow of the wasp we all know; but the Fritillaries' wings with their warmer tones and metallic sheen are like nothing else unless it is parts of the plumage of some pheasants. Even more attractive than the upper surface of the wings is the exquisite delicacy of the colouring of the under sides, on which in a field of chequered browns, yellows and bronzy greens are embedded little mirrors or sequins of burnished silver. Most of the Fritillaries are not rare butterflies, but the commoner ones are insects of the woodland, so that they may not fall under the notice of a person who is not on the look-out for them, though it is difficult for one who knows the butterflies to play golf in summer on any of the links on the Southern Downs without seeing at least one of the larger and handsomer members of the family, as it sails by with its burnished wings catching and reflecting the sunlight.

No less beautiful is the Painted Lady, shown here seated with closed wings upon a thistle head, but her colouring of a tawny rose-colour with its tracery of black and white is perhaps too delicately restrained to common itself to a taste that likes bold contrasts. The Painted Lady represents the family (the Vanessidae or Anglewings) which included some of the most gorgeous and most familiar of our butterflies, for here belong the Peacock, the Red Admiral, the Tortoiseshells and Camberwell Beauty, splendid insects all



ADONIS BLUE.



GRIZZLED SKIPPER.

of them. Compared to some of these the Painted Lady is almost too much of a lady. Her painting is too refined to stand beside the reckless contrast of the Red Admiral's dashing black and scarlet or the great eyes of the Peacock in their setting of crimson plush. Less becoming in a lady perhaps is her habit, almost unique among butterflies, of staying out late at night. Often she gads about well into the dusk, nor does she always go to sleep decently after appearing to retire, as is shown by the fact that specimens have been known to be attracted to a light late at night as if they were moths. But this eccentricity is doubtless a relic of ways contracted in foreign parts where such dissipation may be more innocently regarded than in early-closing England; for the Painted Lady is only secondarily a British insect. Naturally it seems to belong to the Mediterranean region, and

to Northern Africa, and a large proportion of those specimens which are seen in England (probably all which appear in the earlier months of the year) are chance visitors from abroad. None the less the butterfly is a common one in most parts of the country; in some years, especially on the coast most near to France, it appears, evidently having just landed, in almost countless numbers. More sober in costume, as their name implies, are the Browns, though their alternative name of "Satyrs" conveys a suggestion of something not entirely humdrum. But in truth they are a modest family for the most part, and include among their numbers some of the commonest butterflies of the hedge and field. Of them all none is more demurely, yet more richly, clad than the Ringlet, the upper side of whose wings are almost an unbroken monotone, but of so rich and velvety a sepia as to lift it quite above the commonplace. The under side, which we see in the photograph, is of a lighter general tone, but still warm and full-coloured, and against the "ringlets," from which the insect gets his name—black circles with a central spot of white—stand out with curious and effective distinctness. The butterfly is generally, but not universally, abundant in Great Britain. Its favourite haunts, however, are in marshy or wooded districts, though in some years it appears, for reasons which are unexplained, in much greater numbers than usual, and then it may be almost as numerous along the bramble hedges as is its cousin the Meadow Brown, probably the commonest of all the British butterflies.

The three remaining families (the Hairstreaks, Blues and Skippers) are made up of butterflies small in size but mostly brilliant in colouring. Many of them have the metallic sheen added to their bright tints, which makes some butterflies even more resplendent than the gayest flowers, though two of the most metallic, the Large and Small Coppers (the former of which is now extinct), while closely related to the Hairstreaks and the Blues, do not exactly belong to either family, but drop, as has



LARGE WHITE.

been said, into one of the interstices. For the Hairstreaks, little jewels of butterflies, every collector has a soft spot in his heart, for all the five kinds are daintily shaped as well as handsomely coloured. One of the quintette is very rare and two others (one being the brown Hairstreak shown in the photograph) far from common. The remaining two, the purple and the green, are abundant enough in many parts of the country, but from the habit common to all members of the family of preferring to keep some distance above the ground (in the case of the green Hairstreak generally about the tops of bushes, while the purple prefers to flit around the branches of an oak) they may easily



BROWN HAIRSTREAK.

Fritillaries are not rare butterflies, but the commoner ones are insects of the woodland, so that they may not fall under the notice of a person who is not on the look-out for them, though it is difficult for one who knows the butterflies to play golf in summer on any of the links on the Southern Downs without seeing at least one of the larger and handsomer members of the family, as it sails by with its burnished wings catching and reflecting the sunlight.



MARSH FRITILLARY.

escape notice. All the members show more or less distinctly the thin white line—which appears clearly in the photograph—round the edge of the wings on the under side, from which the name "hairstreak" is derived. Even more gem-like than the Hair-streaks are some of the blues, and none is so supremely brilliant as Adonis. The common blue, which flits about every field and roadside, is blue enough, and a fresh specimen of the male (for the females are comparatively and unjustly dull) looks, when seen by itself, of so brilliant, if tender, a blue that it would seem that nothing could well be bluer. But when it is placed beside an Adonis, so intense is the colour of the latter, the other pales its lustre and sinks to what is still a lovely colour, but is a blue half-way to purple. In the photograph we see nothing of the surface which is blue, for that is on the upper side, the under side of all the family being in varying degrees intricately spotted with black, red and white upon a background of silver grey, and the whole range of colouration in Nature contains, perhaps, no problem more perplexing than is presented by this decoration of the under side of the Blues. We are compelled to assume that no markings in Nature are meaningless, but that each specific variation serves, or served originally, some useful purpose. It would be easy to hazard guesses, plausible enough, to explain how the early progenitor of all the Blues developed an underside of soft grey peppered over with minute specks of other colours; for such a colouration might well serve effectively for concealment among some surroundings, as, indeed, we see that almost any of the family to-day, when sitting on a grass stem in the position shown in the photograph, does become almost invisible. But what conceivable advantage could be gained by the minute variations which distinguish the several species which are now established?

In Britain we have ten different Blues with undersides approximately alike, all of one general speckled pattern, yet each varying from the others in the number, grouping or colouration of the dots, and each species breeding true and holding to its particular design. These ten are but a small fraction of the number of species of the family in the world at large, and human conjecture can only confess itself baffled in an attempt to understand how each insignificant departure from the



RINGLET.

original type can have been of such advantage to its possessor as to become fixed as a specific attribute. But we can comfort ourselves with the fact that, at least, the variety of patterns is very curious, very interesting, and, in most cases, beautiful in the extreme.

With the last of our eight families, the Skippers, we come to a form where the things which we know as butterflies are obviously sliding into those which we know as moths. The Skippers (fat-bodied little creatures in proportion to their size) have several evidently moth-like characteristics of outward appearance and of habit. Some of the species when at rest fold their wings down over their bodies in a way not easily distinguishable from the attitude adopted by large classes of moth. All alike have a buzzing flight, which is much like that of their cousins of the dusk. Their caterpillars are singular among those of butterflies in that they build cocoons in which to

pupate. The form of the antennae is modified to a shape much resembling that which some moths possess. The fact being, of course, that there is in Nature no rigid line based on structural characteristics which separates moths from butterflies, the difference which we make being purely an arbitrary one for our own convenience; and in the Skippers we arrive at the edge of the place where our demarcation is made. The name Skipper is apt enough, for the insects do truly skip in their flight about the grass

tops from flower to flower, sometimes so fast that it is not easy for the eye to follow them; but the name Grizzled Skipper does the pretty little butterfly shown in the photograph injustice. It is not so much grizzled as decisively chequered in black and white with a positiveness of colouring which gives attractiveness in spite of its small size and lack of brilliant tints. Other species are of a rich golden orange, more or less marked with dashes of black or patterning of darker colours, which produces an effect altogether delightful. But, indeed, this is only to say that they are butterflies; for there is no one of these "silly tenants of the air" which, when looked at with an eye not entirely idle, is not beautiful, many of them with a brilliance that shames the humming-bird, and a great number, perhaps the greater number, with a larger variety of tints than can be found in any flower.

H. P. R.

SWALLOW-TAIL.**IN THE GARDEN.****SHRUBS FOR THE SEASIDE.**

FOR those who garden by the seaside, especially in open and exposed situations, there are three or four shrubs and perennials that are not sufficiently grown, especially for autumn blooming, when probably there are more folk to admire any floral display.

Sambucus canadensis.—How many people, I wonder, know of this extremely handsome shrub? Unlike most of the Elder tribe, it flowers in autumn. Its heads of white flowers are much larger and whiter than any other Elder, and it makes a really fine bold effect in September, especially if it is cut back hard in the winter. As it roots most easily, each bit of wood may be used for propagation. A large mass of it, grouped with Tritomas, makes a striking effect, and requires no care beyond the annual pruning and tidying.

Buddleia var. vitelliana.—This is another excellent late summer-flowering shrub, and needs just the same treatment as the Elder, but its shape and its colouring are widely different. The vigorous shoots, clad in silver-grey down shoot up to considerable height and then spray out in all directions. The long, semi-drooping spikes of flowers are of a bright mauve-purple colour of much beauty, while the variety magnifica is deeper in colour and richer in the spike. Both should be planted, for one succeeds the other, and so the time of flowering is prolonged greatly. The type *Buddleia variabilis* is only too true to its name, and I know plants from seed are often not worth growing, so pale and so poor are the flower-spikes, while the growth is rampant. These two fine varieties, however, deserve universal planting in sea gardens that are exposed to sun and wind.

Trevo Genista or *Lrooms*.—*Spartium junceum*, the Spanish Broom, is another invaluable seaside shrub, where it will often flower the whole season through—from July to the end of September. It does not like transplantation, so young seedlings in pots should be obtained and planted out in May, when they will grow away at once if no untimely slug or snail finds them out before they are established. There are few shrubs more delightful and long lasting.

Cytisus alaternus is a rather rare shrub that must not be forgotten when the chance of obtaining it occurs. It is more like the spring-flowering *Cytisus* or *Genista fragrans*, but flowers in late summer and autumn. It likes a light soil and warm position, but is very desirable in suitable positions, where it grows to a considerable size.

Cytisus nigricans, a lesser growing Broom, with good-sized flowers on long spikes, is another good summer-flowering shrub not half known or grown even by those who care for their gardens.

Spiraea Aitchisonii.—Many of the Spiraeas, more especially the shrubby ones, are seaside lovers, and this comparatively new kind is particularly free



and handsome by the sea. Out in the open, away from other shrubs and trees, its pretty foliage assumes a brightness and a glow of health that is attractive in itself. Its panicles of white flowers are far finer and whiter than *S. Lindleyana*, which it resembles but greatly surpasses, and its period of flowering is prolonged by a little judicious pruning and thinning out. Planted closely it makes a capital shelter fence. Altogether one of the most desirable of all Spiraeas. The common

Olearia Haastii is almost too ubiquitous by the sea, but its bigger relative, *Olearia macrodonia*, is not enough planted, as it is of larger growth, foliage and flower. Naturally of rather straggling loose growth, it stands pruning well, and its abundant heads of white Daisy flowers are quite a feature at the end of June and early July. It transplants badly unless moved with care, but it roots most freely from cuttings put in at the foot of a wall in October, and so can be increased freely. In shelter it grows to a considerable height, but is all the more effective when kept a little cut in from time to time.

Araea Sieboldii.—Although this is not, popularly speaking, a flowering shrub, this bold-leaved evergreen is astonishingly handsome and hardy by the sea, especially on the north side of a fence where it never gets the sun. Often one sees it languishing in a pot at the entrance to a lodging-house, where it contrives to struggle on bravely, strangled in a pot far too small for it. Plant it out in a cold clay soil and a shady position, and in a year or two you will have a noble group of foliage that look as if it were varnished, so shining are the leaves during the summer and autumn. The flower-spikes are ivory white, like a giant Ivy, which it really is, and, like the Ivy, it flowers in late autumn; but severe storms rather brown its flower-heads and they are rarely followed by the handsome clusters of black berries one sees in more southern lands, where, however, the leaves are less luxuriant and bold.

Olearia Traversii is another bold shrub that almost attains the dignity of a tree. It is evergreen with very silvery undersides to the leaves, and will grow closer to the sea than even the evergreen Oak, which also is less bold in habit when young. Perfectly indifferent to soil and quite hardy near the sea, it should not be overlooked by the planter. E. H. WOODALL.

NEW SWIFT PRAS.

The Sweet Pea has become a universal favourite of late years, owing chiefly to the wonderful improvements that have been made in the size, shape and colour of the flowers. Every year witnesses the introduction of a number of new varieties, only a few of which, perhaps, are real improvements on those sorts that already exist. The varieties described below may be regarded as the cream of the new sorts introduced this season, and seeds of which will probably be available this autumn or next spring. First on the list comes the variety called

George Stark. This is even a more vivid scarlet than the well-known Queen Alexandra, and, in addition to its enhanced colouring, it has a more vigorous habit, and the upper petal or standard of the flower is beautifully waved.

Mrs. A. Ireland is a Sweet Pea that will be most valuable for decorations of all descriptions, both in the garden and in a cut state. It is a



WILD COLUMBINES (AQUILEGIA).

charming mixture of deep blush rose, cream and white, and the blooms are produced in great profusion.

Mrs. H. Bell is one of the most delicately coloured varieties imaginable, and the large, extra fragrant flowers are daintily waved. Its colour is a mixture of faint pink and cream, the former hue being situated chiefly at the edges of the petals and slightly suffused through the cream nearly to the base.

Constance Oliver was obtainable in small quantities last year, but it can be regarded as a novelty of this season. It has the same large, waved flowers as *Mrs. H. Bell*, but the pink colour is much deeper and less of the cream is seen.

Paradise Ivory, as its name implies, is a beautiful ivory white variety, but it has a plain, or unwaved, upper petal. It is a very free-flowering sort.

The Yellow Sweet Pea seems still a long way off, although we now have several sorts that are called this colour by their respective raisers. They are, however, only of pale primrose colour. The deepest coloured variety the writer has seen is one called *Mrs. Malcolm*, but seeds of it may not be procurable until the autumn of next year. Compared with other primrose varieties, it is several shades deeper.

The King is a large crimson variety with a waved upper petal, and is of vigorous growth. The colour may be too harsh for some tastes, but where a striking colour combined with a free habit is desired, it will be very useful.

Those who desire a beautiful French grey variety will find it in *Mrs. Bieberstedt*. This has a plain upper petal, but its delicately coloured flowers are produced very freely on the plants. In a cut state, massed together, it is particularly attractive.

F. W. H.



LIZARD ORCHID.

One of the rarest of our native orchids is the plant known to botanists as *Orchis hircina*, and popularly called the Lizard Orchid on account of the shape of the individual flowers, which resemble a lizard in outline. In Great Britain it is only found in the South-Eastern Counties, and even there at very long intervals. The illustration is from a photograph of a very fine specimen found growing near Dover, and exhibited by Messrs. G. and L. Clark, Limited, at the exhibition held by the Royal Horticultural Society at Holland Park, South Kensington, on July 7th and 8th. The flowers are greenish white in colour, with minute purplish dots, and have a rather disagreeable smell. Besides being a native of this country it is also found in North Africa.

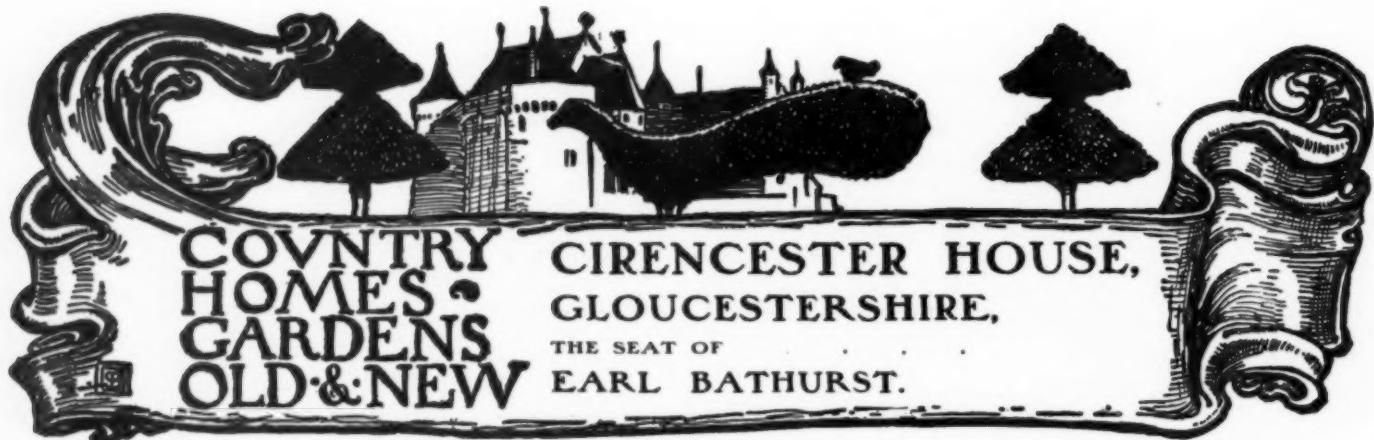
DECAYING ROSE FLOWERS.

The recent spell of wet and cold weather has disturbed Rose flowers considerably, and repeated examination of the plants has been necessary, so that not a spent bloom or seed-pod remained. We have collected basketfuls of these, and from experience have ascertained that this is necessary for a rich autumn display. The same remarks apply to annual flowers. No seeds should be allowed to germinate unless, of course, these are required for autumn or spring sowing, and then it is wiser to set apart a certain number for this purpose alone to preserve the flowering strength of the others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FIELD OF AQUILEGIA VULGARIS.

SIR,—Such a very beautiful sight as a field of columbines is sufficiently rare, I think, to be of general interest, and the accompanying photograph, by S. L. Hamilton, gives a very good idea of a portion of it. The field is peat soil and somewhat boggy in places. The columbines absolutely cover the lower end of it for about an acre and are a lovely mass of waving blue with an occasional pure white intruder. The peat mosses of Westmorland, where this field is situated, under Whitharrow Scar, are rather celebrated for their columbines, many other colours being to be found there. Parkinson does not seem to know of the columbine as indigenous in England, but surely a field of it in a remote country district would lead one to infer that such was the case?—A. M. WAKEFIELD.



THE parish of Cirencester is seventeen miles round and is a Hundred in itself, divided into five tythings. Of all this the great abbey was lord, but after the Dissolution there was a division of the spoils, and the severed portions passed through several hands. Under Elizabeth we find Richard Master seized of the site of the monastic buildings and of much land lying north-east of the town, while the tything of Oakley, starting at the edge of the abbey precincts, and covering a large acreage to the westward, was the property of Sir J. D'Anvers. His son became Earl of Danby whose chief title to our present remembrance and gratitude is that he was founder of the Oxford Botanical Gardens. Its fine classical gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, stands near Cherwell's side on the opposite side of the street to Magdalen College, and as Inigo Jones was Danby's Oxford architect, did he also furnish a design for his patron's house at Cirencester? That is a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered, for we know nothing of the house except from the Kip engraving in Atkyns's "Gloucestershire," taken at a time when it was already the property of Allen, Lord Bathurst, who was then on the eve of remodelling it to the extent of its complete destruction as a Jacobean structure. It was a fine, many-gabled, mullion-windowed E-shaped house, and if Inigo Jones had anything to do with it it must have been in his early days, when he still adhered to the native style evolved by the Elizabethan builders and before his second Italian visit converted him into an out and out Palladian. The Oakley property, to which (and not to the abbey estate) now appertained the Cirencester Manor and Hundred did not remain long with the Danvers family and saw

several owners before it was acquired in 1695 by Sir Benjamin Bathurst.

The Bathursts had been a Sussex family, of whom Lawrence Bathurst took up arms on behalf of King Henry VI., and thus lost both life and estate when the White Rose triumphed in 1461. His son and grandson appear in that Wealden district of Kent where the woollen industry flourished in their time; but his great-grandson was an alderman of London and built the pleasant Elizabethan house of Franks near Dartford, which survives to this day and appeared in these pages some ten years ago. A younger son of his married a Northamptonshire heiress, settled in that county and was the father of a creditable number of daughters, besides thirteen sons, of whom the fifth, Ralphe, was the refounder of Trinity College, Oxford, at the Restoration, while the thirteenth, Benjamin, took to trade, made an ample fortune and found much favour at Court. He was appointed to the office of Treasurer of the Household to Princess Anne in 1683, and was Cofferer when she became Queen. He had married Frances, a daughter of Sir Allen and a sister of Sir Peter Apsley, a Sussex family that had gained wealth in that county's iron trade. Sir Allen had fought for Charles I. during the Civil Wars, and both he and his son Peter had Court employment after the Restoration. The ladies of the family were intimate with the Princesses Mary and Anne from childhood, and many of their letters to Lady Apsley and Lady Bathurst, in which both writers and recipients are known by nicknames, are preserved at Cirencester House. This Royal connection developed, in one instance certainly, somewhat Royal ways in the family, for Lady Apsley arranged for and carried through a child marriage between her



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ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

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THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

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grandchildren. Her son, Sir Peter, had a daughter, who was his heir, while Lady Bathurst's eldest son, christened in the Apsley name of Allen, was heir to Sir Benjamin's large estate. So in 1692, when the boy was eight and the girl was four, they were married "in jest to please their grandmother"; as it was afterwards suggested, but it was taken seriously enough at the moment, and the little wedding and guard rings of the baby bride are among the most interesting of the family relics at Cirencester House. The action of the seniors was approved and confirmed by the juniors when they grew up, and long after the old matchmaker had been laid to rest they were married again. By this time Allen was master of the Oakley property, for Sir Benjamin had died in April, 1704, and the remarriage took place in the following July. In 1705—though even then not quite of age—Allen Bathurst was returned to Parliament as member for Cirencester and during the rest of Queen Anne's reign he was an eager Tory partisan and a supporter of St. John and Harley. Thus, when a considerable Tory infusion was needed to induce the Lords to accept the Treaty of Utrecht, which Bathurst's cousin, the Earl of Strafford, had negotiated, Bathurst was one of the twelve who

were created peers. The accession of George I. and the triumph of the Whigs wrecked the political careers of Bathurst and his friends; but, so far as he was concerned, that was no hardship. Politics were not to his taste; art, literature and society fully absorbed his time and his energies. It is as the friend of the poets and of the wits that he appears in the correspondence of the famous letter-writers of his time, such as Pope, Horace Walpole and Sterne. He was much more a countryman than was usual in the town-loving society in which he mingled. Oakley was the chief scene of his activities as well as his most customary abode, and it was largely owing to his influence that Pope settled at Twickenham and not in London. It is with Pope that his name is principally linked, and it is through Pope that he is chiefly remembered, his particular niche in the

Temple of Fame being exactly labled by the well-known couplet:

Who, then, shall grace or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, posed not merely as the patron and employer of architects, but as an architect himself. He was the first builder of his age, and not only encouraged others to enter upon that expensive path, but largely involved his own great fortune in the process. Bathurst, in the matter of bricks and mortar, was most moderate himself and a dissuader of others. But as a planter, as the leading authority on and practitioner of the art of laying out and improving the amenities of an estate, he was the counterpart of Boyle in the sphere of architecture. True, he so far belonged to his own time as to deem it scarcely respectable for a man of wealth and intelligence to house himself behind mullioned windows and beneath a gabled roof. The Danvers' house must go, so far as its appearance and arrangement were concerned; but much of its walling and material could be incorporated in the new work, which, therefore, amounted to less than a rebuilding and yet to more than an alteration. It was a transformation. There is no trace of the Jacobean style, no semblance of the print in Atkins's



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

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THE GREAT YEW HEDGE: ON THE ENTRANCE SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Gloucestershire," in the house in which the first Lord Bathurst lived and which has only been slightly altered and extended by his successors. It is, though on a much smaller and simpler scale, just such a house as Chatsworth or Petworth or Badminton had become, all of them being ancient structures brought into line with the Italian atmosphere which Allen Bathurst breathed with relish. No wonder, then, that the later county historians gave Oakley, as it continued to be called well into the nineteenth century, the credit of being entirely new. Writing in 1791, Bigland assures us that "the present mansion was rebuilt early in the eighteenth century, and though not grand is convenient, and the rooms are spacious and comfortable. The front is of great length, in the Attic style." A lining of Jacobean wainscote (recently discovered in a bedroom under the canvas and wall-paper which had been stretched over it) is one of the very few material proofs which survive to show that Bigland was wrong. The remaining evidence is merely circumstantial, and consists of the total absence on the part of Lord Bathurst of any mention of a new house, though we do have hints that builders are at work. They had certainly been about when, in 1718, he wrote to Pope that he had been "disturbed by the noise of saws and hammers." Yet some years after that, when Pope's visits were frequent, and when he was Lord Bathurst's principal adviser and assistant in the great "Improvements" that were altering the face of the country-side, the poet writes to a correspondent of "the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonnades that would adorn them"; and in another letter he mentions that they "plan houses" as well as "open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works, all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination." Some uncertainty therefore attaches as to the extent of the house alterations and as to the

period at which they were carried out. Pope's first visit was in 1718, and it is probable that the house had already then been given the garb it now presents, and that the "palace" of their subsequent conversations was a mere castle in the air. Certain it is that so much of the old material was retained that, when Lord Bathurst died in 1774, the agent reports the house to be so unsound that the second Earl thought it "would be impossible to avoid building a new one," and his Countess is "very sorry to find the Timpers of the House to be in so bad a condition. I shall be quite afraid of sleeping in it." As, after the lapse of 130 years, the house still stands and causes no alarm to the sleepers, it is evident that the agent took a dark view of things, and that sound timbers were successfully introduced in place of those that had decayed.

If Bathurst and Pope wrote little of what was doing at the house, they filled sheets as to the great developments which



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THE WOOD HOUSE, OR "KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE."

"C.L."

specially interested them. In their day the Cotswold Hills were chiefly composed of open sheep runs, and of this character was the Oakley estate, which stretched from the low level of Cirencester town, where the house is situate, up on to the high table-lands to the west. To this considerable mileage Lord Bathurst added the Sapperton and Pinbury estates after the death of Sir Robert Atkins. His extended territory thus included the drop from the table-land into the western valleys, whose streams belong to the Severn watershed, just as, on the south-east, it included the springs that feed the infant Thames. He, therefore, lacked neither extent of country nor variety of configuration, and he boldly took the whole thing in hand in his scheme of planting. In this matter he was no pioneer. The deficiency of wood, caused by neglect of planting, by the development of iron and other wood-consuming works, and by the destruction of the Civil Wars, which had been reported by the Navy Commissioners at the Restoration, had produced Evelyn's "Sylva," and that book had given to great landowners a stimulus towards afforestation. But they took it up in the spirit of not mere

and in the arrangement of the trees. Though houses were getting more rigidly classical, and habits of life more formally artificial, there was a growing sentiment in favour of what was considered natural in the grounds. Of this school Pope was the prophet, and Bathurst became his chief disciple. Thus, the severely classical little temple of our illustration, set in a spot of the park where an open circle lay before it, and views down perfectly straight glades gave varied prospects, became "Pope's bower" and is called "Pope's Seat" now, while all about him lay "Elysian groves" and an "enchanted forest," of which he deems himself "the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades." As this was written in 1722, when the great extent of new planting cannot have grown either very high or very thick, when the straightness of the lines must have been somewhat stiff, and the newness and formality of the numerous classical buildings must have been rather staring, we must give the poet credit for much imagination. Now, two centuries of growth and decay, of removal and



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"POPE'S BOWER."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

financial, but also of æsthetic, improvement to their estates, and covered miles of country with avenues, plantations, groves, open circles and radiating ways in accordance with the practice and principles of Le Nôtre. Badminton was a colossal example of this system, and one of Kip's views shows the house as a mere pin point in a vast expanse of lines, diagonal and rectangular, concentric and parallel, fading away into the distant country beyond the limits of his plate. Nor was this a bit of imaginative delineation, but a sober representation of the real thing, for Roger North, visiting at Badminton in 1680, tells us that the Badminton estate was insufficiently large to hold the Duke of Beaufort's scheme, and that "neighbouring gentlemen had planted their hills in his lines out of compliment." Allen Bathurst set out not only to vie with his ducal neighbour in extent, but to surpass him in taste. There were not merely to be the avenues through the park, and the clearances through the wood, stretching out their great length, and converging on to certain points whence vistas could be obtained in all directions; but there were to be frequent architectural embellishments, and much variety in the selection

of renewal, have given at once a grandeur and a wildness which the planter can never have enjoyed. The classic buildings are many of them gone, and age has mellowed and mossed those that remain, such as the "bower," the hexagon temple, and the obelisk or column which terminates the view from the garden front of the house up the great tree-bordered glade stretching westward for miles. This took much making, as the ground up from the house was very uneven, and it was not till 1736 that Bathurst wrote to Pope, "I have also begun to level the hill before the house, and an obelisk shall rise upon your order to terminate the view." But Pope had Cyclopic ideas for this point and answered: "I would not advise you an obelisk, which can bear no diameter to fill so vast a gap, unless it literally touches the skies, but rather to a solid pyramid of a rooft. square, to the end there may be something solid and lasting of your works." Luckily this very clumsy suggestion was not adopted, and the feature known as "Queen Anne's Column" was erected in 1741. Not every building, however, was to exhibit the finish and formalism of Palladio's style, and in the "Wood House" we get

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE MORNING ROOM.

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the first of those ridiculous sham ruins and hermitages that so delighted the landscape school which was to triumph in England ere Lord Bathurst died. It was first built in 1721, when Bishop Atterbury wrote to Pope that he hoped "my Lord may have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood and using it when built as you have in designing it." Later on, it was much developed, for Mrs. Delany wrote to Swift in 1733: "My Lord Bathurst has greatly improved the Woodhouse which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit bigger than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle and has been taken by an antiquarian as one of King Arthur's." The illustration here given will show that some old mullioning and other dressed stone work was incorporated in this "folly." The Cotswold air suited Pope, and when here he seems to have taken an unusually cheerful view of life. He even, to his own surprise, makes the great discovery that Nature and the country had certain beauties not confined to the summer months. He remains on quite late one autumn, and is pleased to declare that "the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colour that is not unpleasant!" It was probably, therefore, after he got home and had had an opportunity of quarrelling with his publisher and critics that he thought proper to remind his host of the vanity of vast possessions.

Alas my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswold's Hills to Spterton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear;
Link town to town with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls—tis all a joke.
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees and stones and farms and farmer fall.

A joke it might be, but it was one which the creator of this scene succeeded in thoroughly enjoying for an exceptionally long time. When death had levelled Pope and Swift and the whole clever coterie of the Age of Anne, Lord Bathurst went on as strong as ever in limb and in brain. In 1767, when "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey" were the most popular books of the day, he went up to Sterne at the Princess of Wales's Court and introduced himself to him as the old friend of geniuses and begged him to come and dine. Sterne did so and afterwards wrote that he had found him "a prodigy, at 85 he has all the wit and promptness of a man of 30." Nor was this long-continued health attained by a life of abstemiousness, for it was some three years after

Sterne had dined with him that we get the story of his having friends at Cirencester "and being loth to part with them one night, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer and left the room. As soon as he was gone the lively old peer said 'Come my good friends, since the *old gentleman* is gone to bed I think we may venture to crack another bottle.'" Thus he continued up to the time of his death in 1775, taking long rides amid his park and along his glades, whose growth and development he had proudly and lovingly watched since the early days of the century.

His successor had been a second son and bred to the Bar. He entered Parliament soon after he came of age, but his own and his father's politics kept him from office under Walpole and his successors. He obtained a judgeship in 1764 and reached the Woolsack in 1771, taking his title from his maternal ancestors and sitting as Lord Apsley during the time of his father, who, in 1772 was raised from a barony to an earldom. Apsley was by no means a great lawyer. His appointment to the Chancellorship caused surprise at the time, and Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," adopts a somewhat contemptuous tone and tells us that "the building of Apsley House was perhaps the most memoriable act of his life." After his death it was sold by his son and so became the town house of the Iron Duke. This was by no means the only connection between the third Earl Bathurst and Wellington, for he was Secretary at War during the later and successful period of the Peninsula Campaign and President of the Council when Wellington was governing. He held the earldom and the estates from 1794 to 1834 and made considerable alterations at Cirencester House. Additional rooms were built on to the north end, forming, on the garden side, a block which somewhat interferes with the balance of the design as left by Allen Bathurst, and is excluded from our picture. On this side of the house is situated the fine library and drawing-room suite with its interesting collection of family portraits by Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough and other lesser masters of the English school. Beyond the library is the morning-room, of which we give a view. Its mantel-piece is one of several, clearly belonging to Allen Bathurst's time, which were not approved a century ago and were torn out. They were found in the timber yard and have recently been replaced. Above the one in the morning-room is a portrait of Alderman Lancelot





Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Bathurst, the first lord's great grandfather. On the right is a Gainsborough portrait of the younger Pitt, while the ample form of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, appears on the left. The fender deserves notice. It stands on feet, showing that the hearths must always have been raised as they are now; its quality is as rare as its shape. It is of steel, pierced and etched, the open-work scroll being largely composed of dragons. On the entrance side the rooms were narrow for a Palladian house, their width being no doubt dictated by the retained walls of the older dwelling. This proportion gives a good deal of dignity to the entrance hall, rising up to double-storey height and depending, for its effect, on perpendicular lines. But for dining and billiard rooms the narrowness was inconvenient and the whole of the ground floor has been brought forward. It is on this side that the noble yew hedge, which we picture, forms a semi-circular screen and affords privacy and freedom from dust. In its centre is the great arched doorway which opens direct into the town. The yew hedge was certainly planted by Allen Bathurst, as it is absent in Kip's view of the old house, but presents much its present appearance in the picture in Rudder's "History of Gloucestershire," published in 1779. After that, it offended the landscape school of gardening and was allowed to grow at will, thus greatly lessening its utility as a screen and destroying the dignity and shapeliness of the forecourt. In more recent times it has had its topiary value restored to it. It needed drastic treatment, and for years exhibited naked poles. Our picture shows that it has now entirely recovered its effectiveness of use and appearance, and it is a splendid example of the formal

use of yews—a dense wall of greenery 30 ft. high, right in character, situation and treatment. From the little town, with its bustling market-place, you pass suddenly into the almost solemn stillness of the enclosure. Before you is the long classic house of fine grey-toned ashlar stone. Behind, and on each side, rises the evergreen semi-circle. The ground presents a contrast of trim gravel and emerald turf, while the centre is occupied by a marble tazza of large size and choice design. From street to forecourt is one sudden transformation scene. Pass through the house and there is another. Beyond the peasant incidents of the new Italian garden with its treble-arched garden-house, and of the nobly-timbered lawns, lies Allen Bathurst's levelled hill, and stretching forth for many a mile is the picturesque Cotswold country, whose wildness he tamed, whose bareness he clothed, whose poverty of incident and growth he endowed with rich gifts of art and of Nature. T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.**PALLAS'S SAND-GROUSE.**

THESE rare and interesting migrants have this season once more appeared in this country, though in nothing like the numbers of the great irruption of 1888. They have been already noted in Norfolk, Essex and Surrey, and will probably be reported from some few other localities. In the spring of this year observers in Eastern Russia noticed that flocks of these sand-grouse were passing westward, and it seemed therefore probable that some few would reach the islands. The natural habitat of this beautiful species is Central Asia, extending during the winter season as far East as the plains of Pechili in China. As may be judged from their coloration, they are a true desert species, rejoicing in vast sunlit plains in which surface waters are

often few and far between. Their flight is swift and very strong, and they are thus enabled to cover great distances between their feeding-grounds and the waters to which they resort once a day.

NOTES ON THE SAND-GROUSE.

Sand-grouse, which are found in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, are, to the eye of the casual sportsman, a curious blend of the pigeon and the grouse. Scientists, however, appear to regard them as highly specialised forms constituting a link between the Limicole (a group which includes plovers, sandpipers, snipes, coursers, stone-curlews, jacanas and others) and the pigeons. It is admitted, however, that they much resemble the game birds in their digestive organs. It is worth noting that, unlike the young of pigeons, the infant sand-grouse hatch out clothed in a soft, downy feathering, and run almost as soon as they are freed from the shell. The eggs are somewhat rail-like. The under-parts of these birds, especially in the fine yellow-throated sand-grouse of South Africa, strongly remind one of red-grouse, notably in the dark chocolate colouring and feathered legs. The flight, perhaps, most nearly resembles that of the golden plover. In my judgment, however, the sand-grouse has in its native wildernesses a far stronger, swifter and more sustained flight than any of the plovers.

THEIR HABITS.

Whether in Asia or Africa, these true children of the desert strongly resemble one another in their habits. Their powers of flight are immense, probably surpassing those of almost any other bird. They drink at night or morning, sometimes at both, and during the day disperse over enormous spaces of country in search of food, which consists for the most part of seeds, young shoots, bulbous grass roots, and of various berries and cereals where these happen to be found. Their long and sharply-pointed wings, combined with a highly specialised muscular development, enable them to cover daily huge tracts of country at a very high rate of speed. During the daytime

they are scattered over the country in pairs; at night and morning they resort with wonderful unanimity and punctuality to distant watering-places, where they assemble to drink in enormous numbers. I have watched these vast collections at pools or pans of water in the Kalahari Desert of South Africa, and have never failed to be fascinated by the clock-like regularity of the hour of drinking, and the wonderful assemblages of bird-life, all exhibited within the space of two short hours or less. As one travels at red sunset towards some stream of the wilderness, or stands with outspanned wagons by some desert pool between eight and nine in the morning, one views always with interest and delight the arrow-like flight of these birds, as they converge from all quarters of the compass. Arrived at the water, for a short time they fly round and round, then, collecting in dense flocks, they suddenly swoop down to the margin, drink, rise, fly round, drink again and disperse. The whole spectacle is one of the most charming in the world. As the birds arrive and fly round the water and depart, they utter constantly the various cries of their species, some clucking, some hoarse and guttural, others a sharper whistle.

SAND-GROUSE AS SPORTING BIRDS.

When scattered about the veldt, usually in pairs, sand-grouse lie closely, and are shot pretty easily as they rise. But at evening, as they stream swiftly in to their watering-place by the fading light, they are by no means easy shooting. Their passage is then very rapid, and flight-shooting of this kind is one of the prettiest forms of African sport with the shot-gun. In the morning, by broad daylight, as they come in and circle about the desert-pan at which you are encamped, they offer also excellent sport. I have, with a friend, shot as many as eighteen or twenty brace of these birds at such a time without much difficulty, all of which were eagerly devoured by our native servants and Bushmen. I have known traders and travellers fire into the "brown" of a big flock of sand-grouse as they stooped to or rose from drinking and so kill scores at a discharge. This seems to me a needlessly, wasteful and unsportsman-like form of slaughter, which ought to be severely discouraged, especially when, as is sometimes the case, the carcasses are merely left to rot. The flesh of sand-grouse is only moderately good eating, and the skin is one of the very toughest imaginable, at least, such is my experience in skinning those of the African species. The wing-muscles are enormously hard and strong, and one can see at a glance what powers of propulsion lie there beneath the handsome feathering. It is probable that the migration of Pallas's sand-grouse to Britain this year will not be of any considerable proportion. In the "big years" of 1863 and 1888 the spring evidences of a strong migration were clearly shown. It is to be hoped that the few pairs or small flocks seen this summer and autumn may be spared by gunners. The visits of these sand-grouse are so few and far between that, surely, it would be grossly inhospitable to slay these confiding wanderers after so long and severe a flight.

YOUNG PARTRIDGES.

Young partridges are in many parts of the South of England extremely forward this season, thanks to the wonderful weather of an almost perfect June. I have known of two or three good-sized coveys which were able to

fly well and strongly in the first week of July. That, as far as my experience goes, is an unusually early period for cheepers to be thus well established on the wing. I was orchis hunting one day during the first week in July on the slope of a Sussex down. Here we found the pyramid orchis flourishing in greater perfection than I have seen it for some years. Suddenly from a thick patch of long grass burst forth, rocket-like, in our midst a brace of old partridges and a splendid covey of ten sturdy youngsters. All shot off down wind, the cheepers, disturbed probably for the first time in their lives, behaving as coolly and intelligently as if they were quite accustomed to such an interlude. It is clear that to produce so strong and level a lot of young partridges, thus forward so early in the season, the hatching-time must have been unusually early and the subsequent rearing period exceptionally favourable.

SOME STRANGE HATCHINGS.

In a book, "The Gun, Rod and Rifle," recently published by that first-rate and veteran Yorkshire sportsman Captain F. Chapman, I recently came across two of the most curious instances of partridge hatchings that I ever remember having heard of. In one case a keeper met a labouring man who had found a partridge's nest near the road and was bringing away the eggs for safety. The keeper put them into his handkerchief and then into his pocket, with the intention of placing them under a hen. On his arrival he found to his astonishment that his pocket contained a number of little partridges, which had hatched out on the journey home. In the other instance, some officers engaged on Salisbury Plain during manoeuvres chance on a partridge's nest with ten eggs. They marked the spot, as they were then skirmishing, and, as there seemed every probability of the eggs being trampled on by the troops, determined to remove them and put them under a hen. Next day, while motoring to the house of one of the officers, who lived thirty miles away, says the narrator, "we had no difficulty in finding the nest again, and the eggs were soon stored in the chauffeur's cap with some hay and the improvised nest carefully put into a warm place in the car. We thought little of the eggs on our way, and, indeed, only just remembered them when we passed the keeper's house about three hours later. We called to the keeper to come and get them from the car and put them under a hen, when, on taking them out, we were very much astonished to find that every egg in the chauffeur's cap had hatched. I suppose they must have been on the point of hatching when we took them from the nest, and the car had acted as an incubator and hurried matters. This story," adds the informant, "may seem incredible, but three of us in the car at the time can vouch for its accuracy." These are certainly two very curious instances of partridge-hatching. They are, of course, although extraordinary, by no means incredible, and they are so well attested that I have thought them worth reproduction. After all, the chicken incubator to be seen at the present time in many a Sussex cottage is, although nowadays a perfectly familiar phenomenon, in its way just as wonderful. If you had told the story of an incubator fifty years ago to a Sussex hind, and had then given him these two curious instances of partridge-hatching, he would have certainly refused to swallow the incubator yarn at any price; but he might possibly have accepted the partridge incidents as well founded.

H. A. B.

THE OLD KEEPER.

ANDREW BRODIE is "getting into years." Little by little he must reduce the scope of his activities and relinquish one by one his long-practised duties into the hands of his lieutenants. The circle of his daily round grows smaller year by year, for he is much crippled by rheumatism, and his lame leg keeps him pretty closely tied to the neighbourhood of his cottage. (It also acts as a barometer, and has a wide and well-deserved reputation for forecasting changes in the weather.) Indeed, Andrew is failing fast. He is still a fine sight to see on the day of a "big shoot," taking up his position, supported by two sticks, on some hill or rising ground that commands a view of the campaign. There he will remain through the heat and burden of the day, like a general on the field of battle, dispatching small boys here and there with messages to "stops" and beaters. But the time is past when he can take any more active part. The long warfare against vermin, which he has carried on these fifty years, is over, so far as Andrew is concerned. Weasel, stoat and hawk—and poacher, too, for the matter of that—are at last beyond his reach.

But it must not be supposed that he is idle, or spends his days dreaming over past glories at the fireside. His eyes are still as good as ever they were, and he has by no means lost his cunning in the dressing of trout and salmon flies. He has to hear the reports of his subordinates and direct their operations—and there are always the dogs. For it is as a breeder and a judge of dogs that Andrew is well known far and wide. His cottage is surrounded by kennels, but they are quite inadequate to contain all the canine population. Dogs overflow into the washhouse and the coalshed. More than one housekeeper has refused to stay with him, by reason of his inveterate habit of filling the house itself with invalids or litters of pups. I think that in various ways Andrew must be an uncomfortable person to live with, and since his wife died four years ago—she was a specialist in ferrets, and in all respects a fitting mate for him—he finds that his young female relatives do not respond very heartily to his offer of a home. This is largely due, I fancy, to his restlessness in the midnight hours. In the days of his strength and vigour it was hard to understand how he ever went to bed, for he seemed to

have fully as many occupations by night as by day, and could always give a detailed account of the weather for any time in the twenty-four hours. He has told me that it was his rule never to waken twice in one night; if he awoke, that was a clear sign, he considered, that it was time to get up. There was always something to do; and even now I doubt if he is ever in bed after five o'clock in the morning, summer or winter. He is still a busy man, for now that he has retired from active service, he has developed a consulting practice that occupies much of his time and consideration. Thus it is that his extraordinary knowledge of dogs—their training, their treatment, their points and their diseases—is not yet lost to the world. If anyone of his large circle of acquaintances has a dog to buy, or a dog to sell, a sick dog, or a lost dog, he writes to Andrew or comes to see him. I often find him when I drop in in anxious thought over a lame leg or a blind eye, and at the bottom of an old oak chest he keeps many curious medicines, salves and lotions, which are accounted of little value unless they be mixed or prepared by himself. The local veterinary surgeon has long ago come to the conclusion that canine diseases are no affair of his.

Those who remember Andrew as he was ten years ago, with his tremendous breadth of shoulder, bushy eyebrows, strong features and iron-grey curls, would hardly recognise him now. For then he was a leader of men and dogs and a terror to bird and beast. I used to have a feeling that his frame and constitution were not as those of other men. It seemed to me that there must be some weatherproof quality in his skin, some vital power of endurance in his limbs. I have never known a man so completely out of the reach of the physical ills and inconveniences of life. He never seemed to notice whether it was wet or dry, hot or cold. If he must wait under a tree for the mother hawk to return to her nest, he would sit there any length of time with apparently equal contentment, in sun or rain, frost or snow, and I doubt if he was ever guilty of the weakness of changing his clothes. He had small compassion upon fair-weather sportsmen, and mist or fog alone were to him sufficient reason for abandoning a shoot. Even his lame leg—for he was very lame—was not as are other lame legs. He had fallen off a spruce tree in his

youth and broken it and it had been badly set and was some inches shorter than the other. Except for the fact that in steep country he preferred to travel with the short leg uphill, it made no difference to his walking powers. Yet it always seemed to me a serious handicap to a man of his stamp until one afternoon long ago, when a curious incident befell. I chanced to be alone at the head of a rocky glen on the edge of the moor, a place abounding in rabbits. I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man scrambling down the rough hill-side opposite to me with the utmost urgency and dispatch. As soon as he reached the level beside the stream he made a heroic effort to put on pace, for he was already out of breath, and disappeared round the bend like a flash. But rapidly as he was moving, his pursuer seemed to cover the same distance in half the time. Among rumbling stones and uprooted ferns this second figure came down the bank like an avalanche, and took the flat at a sort of wild one-sided canter—I can no better describe it—and to my amazement I recognised Andrew Brodie. By the time I arrived at the end of the chase Andrew was sitting on the poacher's head, who, I have reason to believe, subsequently got thirty days. Since that occasion I have always regarded Andrew's lame leg with profound respect. But, indeed, after his one mishap, nothing seemed to affect that

"How many in this lot?" I had asked.

"Saxteen oot o' saxteen eggs," he replied quietly. "It's as guid as we have any call to expect." He looked at me with a queer smile, and added, almost sadly, "We canna' depend on hatchin' twins."

BERTRAM SMITH.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MONG the poets so far removed from controversy that everybody admires them, John Keats is surely entitled to a place. Some would say his position would be very high indeed if he had lived longer, but he was one of those whom the gods loved, and he died young—died, too, under circumstances the most pathetic, although it is not generally believed now, as was said half a century ago, that he was "killed by the *Quarterly*, so savage and tarterly." It was in his nature to be sensitive to criticism, but it is a very great exaggeration to say that his illness was increased or his death caused by the fierce attack in that publication. His work was of small volume, and if what is immortal were taken out of it there would not be material for more than a brief pamphlet. One cannot help thinking of all this in looking at the vast amount



THE PATH BY THE RIVER.

iron frame. In spite of his many wild adventures, he could not sprain or dislocate or bruise himself. When he fell and choked the mouth of his muzzle-loader with earth, so that at the next shot 4in. of the barrel were blown off, he continued his day's shooting, and would not admit of a headache. But he was grieved about the gun. "She's a guid gun still," he would say, "but she scatters terrible." He had been shot in many places, without any loss of composure, and one can feel the pellets in his hand or the back of his head. He is a man of few words, and really eloquent upon only one subject—the Ground Game Act. It is magnificent to hear him denounce that piece of legislation, the party that invented it, and the Government that passed it. But I cannot get him to speak of his achievements or to tell the history of his experiences. Once only do I remember his being betrayed into a boast, though his conversation is full of the grim humour in which it was expressed. I was walking round his young pheasants with him. He was always at his best among his birds. It seemed to me that then for once he became the protector rather than the destroyer, and there was something fatherly and benign in his attitude, as he moved on from coop to coop, sprinkling food and filling water dishes.

of learning by which is introduced *The Poetical Works of John Keats* (H. Froude). There is certainly no one more capable of editing his works than Mr. Boxton Forman, whose life has been devoted to the study; yet one doubts whether it were really well to rummage among papers and boxes for the material gathered together in this volume. We have first a prefatory note saying that

sixteen lines of the Eve of St. Agnes found by the Editor in a Keats scrap-book lent to him by Mr. Frank Sabin and given in the introduction have not been printed in any other edition.

Then comes an introduction in which we have a study of rejected notes and bad beginnings, with a description of the poems of 1817, and also of the second venture, "Endymion," of which there is a detailed description that ought to delight the book-worm and collector. Finally, the third and last book of poems is described brilliantly, but more for the sake of the librarian than for the lover of poetry. It seems that the advertisement which is usually published with the last-mentioned was made by the booksellers. Keats drew his pen through it and wrote at the head: "I have no part in this, I was ill at the time." This statement about "Endymion" he had bracketed off from the rest and beneath it he had written: "This is a

lie." We are far from under-estimating the value of these facts to the bibliographer, but to the student of poetry they really possess little significance. They will not enable him to understand a single line that Keats wrote any better than he does already. After the long introduction comes a chapter of fac-simile titles of Keats's three books, and then after that a list of the number of works consulted. The last mentioned extends over ten pages, and yet we are told that the list is not meant for Keats's bibliography. We are not done with the prefatory matter yet, because the editor has compiled a chronology.

The salient facts in the life of John Keats can be stated in a paragraph. First in order of importance is his birth in 1795 and next his death in 1821. During the brief period between them few occurrences of note have to be recorded. At Cowden Clarke's School, Enfield, he began to display his leaning towards poetry by beginning a translation of the "Aeneid," and while an apprentice to Thomas Hammond he attempted original composition; in 1816 his first published poem appeared in the *Examiner*. The beautiful sonnet, made "on first looking into Chapman's Homer," was written at the age of twenty-one. In it are the oft-quoted lines, as perfect as if they had come from Shakespeare's maturity :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eager eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surprise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Thus he had jumped at once to a perfection of style, not the less remarkable because he could not remain for long together at this high level. His first volume appeared in the next year, which contains, among other things, the scarcely less remarkable "To one who has been long in city pent." Twelve months were not to elapse before the first book of "Endymion" went to press, and the same year, 1818, witnessed the slashing reviews in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. One other volume was to be published in 1820, and the literary career of Keats drew to a finish. What the modern novelist calls his output was pathetically small. The book of his complete poems is a slender one at best, and nearly half of it is made up of posthumous and fugitive pieces, of which the majority could have been suppressed without injury to his fame. Criticism upon his work is largely composed of speculation as to what he might have done if longer spared. In order to make this of any value we must consider what disadvantages of his were natural and inherent—which could have been overcome. Taking the latter first, the influence of Byron might have been surmounted, with its glittering rhetoric and declamation. Nearly all the gifted young men of his day were tempted into "a false gallop of his verses," like the following :

Why linger ye so the wild labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless unable your bliss to declare?
Ah ! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
Responsive to sylphs in the moon-beamy air.

Here, indeed, is an echo from Byron and Moore, and he wrote a very great deal of it. Then a man of his intellect must have

ultimately thrown off the bondage to the poetic diction. He was born heir to a convention, and in spite of his admiration for the peasant poet of Scotland he could not break it. Take, for example, the fourth stanza of the "Ode to a Nightingale":

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.

The poetic word "pards" brings in the prose word "retards," and the whole is artificial, a surrender to that tyranny which we have called the poetic diction. Wordsworth saw, and his successors have confirmed his view, that the direct, nervous, homely language of daily life is sufficient for all purposes of poetry, rising naturally, as it does, with simple dignity to the elevation of the sentiment it conveys. Milton's nightingale on its "blooming spray" is more like a living bird than the shadowy voice which is hymned by Keats. We can well understand how a reviewer might grow impatient at the artificialities of this same ode. It is saved for immortality by the famous seventh stanza, where the genius of Keats, overcoming all obstacles in its ardour, and fusing images into a wizardry of words, triumphs over all drawbacks, obstacles and conventions. We see pure imagination at work here and realise for what splendid work Keats had the capacity. In the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" style and subject are indissolubly married. But, then, had he that power of self-criticism which would have enabled him to fix on the golden seam and avoid the dross? We doubt it. In the "Eve of St. Agnes" there is an elaboration of art that defeats its own aim, a thousand artifices to produce an effect that is not realised. And he who wrote of Byron, "How sweetly sad thy melody," could have but small discernment of the essential in the poetry of others. This conclusion is borne out by his references to the poets he loved best—Spenser, Burns, Milton and the rest. In himself there was a vein of the richest ore, but his genius was not wide or versatile. Therefore it is unlikely that a prolongation of life would have enabled him to give us a masterpiece different in kind from those he has produced. Yet he was the greatest of all, except Wordsworth, among the giants of the early nineteenth century. Neither Shelley nor Byron enriched the language with so many imperishable lines. At his best there is no mannerism; language and thought are fused into one, as in the following sonnet :

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripe'n'd grain;
When I behold the night's starr'd face,
Huge clouly symbols of a high romance,
An I think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love ;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

SHOOTING.

GROUSE-POACHING BEFORE THE TWELFTH.

If it were possible to determine accurately the quantities of grouse illegally taken both before and after the opening of the shooting season in each year, there is little doubt that it would be found that the numbers secured by poachers and grouse-stealers during the two or three weeks immediately preceding the Twelfth are largely in excess of those taken afterwards. Of course, grouse-poaching in various forms goes on, as opportunities offer, all through the legitimate season; but the great bulk of it is usually accomplished during the first week or ten days of August. Of this fact there is abundance of indirect evidence, although it is a matter of common talk for the owner or tenant of every grouse-moor to deride the possibility of birds being poached from his own particular lands. This poaching before the Twelfth, however, has, if anything, been steadily on the increase of late years, and in one form or another is of widespread practice. The leakage of birds is consequently very considerable, and although it is singularly disagreeable for owners to have to admit loss of birds by poaching and stealing, it is better to open one's eyes to the fact, and endeavour to prevent it, than remain blindly oblivious to the existence of such proceedings and thus court the usual heartburnings and unpleasantnesses which may follow. It is necessary to differentiate between grouse-poaching in one or other of its several forms and, what I prefer to term, grouse-stealing. The nefarious practice in question has nothing to excuse it of the nature put forward in certain quarters on behalf of ordinary poaching. It is a mean and contemptible system of conveying other people's property to the base use of

those possessing not the shadow of moral or sentimental right to it, and is as far removed from the limits of illicit sport, for which the poacher may or may not crave, as is knuckle-dusting from scientific boxing. True it is that the fierce light of publicity, which has been let play upon some of the most pronounced instances of it, has served to check the malpractice to some extent, but for all that it still continues where not provided against and properly counteracted. The practice, though simple in its arrangements, is wholesale and effective in performance, and based for the most part on one of the natural habits of the grouse. The long, low flights which the grouse take in the evenings through the valleys, and along the courses of the burns, present particularly favourable opportunities for the employment of stand nets for their capture. These flights do not necessarily follow exactly the same lines, but careful observance will show with a fair amount of accuracy which direction they are likely to take. Further, it is not very difficult to deflect the course of them, and if the arrangements for producing such deflections are made with proper consideration and knowledge, the grouse can be practically driven in any direction to where the stand nets are placed. To work this system effectively, the professional grouse-stealer secures the tenancy of some small farm or moor conveniently situated for the reception of any grouse deflected from their legitimate line of flight, and coming from the larger and properly-preserved moors which adjoin or surround the small holding in the occupation of the grouse-stealer. The plan employed for deflecting the grouse flights entails the hidden presence of one or more men at suitable points, who rise

suddenly into view as the grouse approach. This action of dishonest watchers, graziers, herdsman or others of such class fulfils the desired effect, and systematically worked may be trusted to produce almost any result desired. It follows, of course, that the men who work this portion of the scheme must have some show of right to be in the places necessary; but this is a matter easily got over, and cheaply arranged for as a rule. The stand nets to catch the grouse are erected upon absolutely neutral ground as far as the preserved moors go, and there is no law to prevent their erection. From a moral point of view their presence there is culpable in the extreme; from a legal one there is no remedy for it. Neither the owner of the moors from which the grouse come, nor his keeper, possess any right of entry upon these poaching grounds. He can do nothing to prevent the erection of the stand nets, and, as things generally go, he is little able to prevent the grouse getting into them. His only remedy before the Twelfth is by the slow process of the law for unlawful possession, and even then, if a conviction be obtained, the punishment meted out is invariably ludicrously inadequate. It will probably be claimed that these grouse-stealers should be met and fought with their own weapons. This is really the only way to deal with them, but to be effective their methods must be your methods. In the first place, the closest possible watch must be kept upon all centres of suspicion, the movements of the grouse must be closely studied upon such portions of the moor where their evening flights are likely to lead them to approach dangerous localities, the movements of all persons who may possibly and even improbably be associated with the business must be as carefully observed and controlled; and, finally, the watchers themselves should be watched to see that they have not been nobbled, and, while nominally pursuing their legitimate office, are not playing into the hands of the stealers. Not satisfied with working this game themselves, the grouse-stealers, possessing every possible facility and arrangement for disposing of their booty, lay themselves out as well to incite others to supply their needs. The ordinary poacher will also not only work his stand nets where possible, but upon the preserved moors themselves. To this end they will watch for opportunities, take the risk and endeavour to slip over the boundary, secure a few birds and be off again without observation and capture.

As a rule, the ordinary run of grouse-poachers do not operate to any great extent, unless within the two or three days immediately anterior to the opening of the shooting season. Their aim is to get their plunder into the towns early enough and fresh enough to secure the cream of the markets. The men who are chiefly responsible for ordinary grouse-poaching draw additional recruits to their numbers from the crofters and also receive assistance, active or passive, from the ranks of the gillies, among whom, somehow or other, there always seems to be a sprinkling of backsliders. Usually their favourite engine of war upon the grouse is the sweep net, worked somewhat in the same manner as for partridge poaching. To be successful, the roosting places of the grouse must be located as nearly as possible before sundown, and then at a later time of the night, either by means of further and closer scrutiny the precise spot is ascertained either by the men themselves or by a dog trained to the purpose. The men then approach up wind upon the covey, hauling the net with them, and when the actual moment arrives draw it over the birds. These sweep nets are, as a rule, not of a large size, probably about 5yds. by 3yds. Immediately the net is thrown the men cast themselves upon the birds, kill them by pressing both thumbs heavily upon the breastbone as each bird is found and seized. The whole proceeding is expeditious, silent and remarkably successful when properly worked. Being done at night it is difficult to detect, and is but too frequently secretly connived at and assisted by dishonest watchers, who locate the birds and signal by unobtrusive landmarks or otherwise the precise roosting-places of the coveys. Grouse poached and killed in this manner have all the appearances of shot birds, with the exception of the pellets and their marks of entry and exit, and leave no cause of complaint when placed on the table. Only close watching and the aid of good dogs at night is at all effective in the prevention of this practice.

Snaring in one or other of its various forms accounts for very considerable quantities of grouse before the Twelfth. It is somewhat necessary to insist that this is the case, because nowadays keepers are very prone to scout the possibility of the wholesale and effective employment of means of which they themselves possess very little, if any, practical knowledge. Without going into details, inappropriate here to those who possess an elementary knowledge, it is only necessary to mention that the ground springe and the standing springe are chiefly employed, as well as the ordinary hingle. Placed in position in the deep dusk of the evening, they secure their game about sunrise, when they are visited by the poachers. To prevent this form of grouse-poaching, constant observation is about the only effective means. The value of the snares and springes is so small, the time and trouble involved in their making so immaterial, that the loss of them is not serious enough to

trouble about. It therefore follows that the mere fact of the keeper or his undermen finding and picking up a number of them is no guarantee that they will not be replaced a few hours afterwards.

The three forms of poaching which have been described are those mainly worked upon the grouse before the Twelfth. They account for enormous numbers, and also, to a large extent, for the quantities of birds which make their appearance, with every guarantee apparently of having been killed early on the Twelfth, in the markets a few hours after the opening of the legitimate season. It is not that it is not possible to have grouse thus early on sale, it is the quantities which tell the tale—the tale of poaching before the Twelfth.

WM. CARNEGIE.

THE KINDLY SEASON.

We seem to have been having our weather served out to us in long streaks this year, instead of in the little shreds and patches which are more characteristic of our climate. We had the long drought of June, then the downpours of early July, and finally, all through later July, drought weather again (most markedly in the South). But on the whole it has fitted in well enough for the interests of the game. The rain came just in time to give the newly-hatched partridges moisture and insect food, and did not come with dangerous severity until later when the birds were large enough to find safety. In the grouse countries the drought of June was tempered for the birds by heavy dews at night, and the same circumstances helped the partridges in the drought of the latter end of July. Moreover, previous rains had filled surface springs, so that they ran through the summer better than in many previous years. For all that, those who put out clean water for the birds, in pans, will be rewarded, as always, for this care.

EXERCISE TO HARDEN DOGS' FEET.

There is one point about getting dogs into condition before shooting begins which many people are apt to neglect, and there is the less reason why it should be neglected because it can be managed so very easily; that is, the hardening of their feet so that they shall not become foot-sore when work on the moor begins. The very simple and best way of getting the feet hard is to give the dogs plenty of exercise, light at first, but more prolonged as the feet become used to it, on hard surfaces, such as roads. A few miles of trotting daily along the "ard 'igh" will harden them up as no amount of scampering about soft meadows ever will. Afterwards, when signs of heat and soreness begin to appear, there is much to be done by bathing the feet with the solution of salt or alum and water, but this is for a later time, after the commencement of serious work. The exercise should not be prolonged so as to make any of this treatment necessary, when it is only by way of preparation for the shooting season proper.

DEATH OF YOUNG ROOKS.

As a result of the abnormal weather of the spring, the partridge-keeper has some ground for hoping that he will not be as much persecuted as usual, for a year or two, by some of the worst and blackest of his enemies, the rooks. There seems to be a very general consensus in the accounts from all different parts of the country that the young rook population was very nearly wiped out by the snow falling just when it did. That this extermination can be as complete as is claimed for it we have reason to doubt; but there is no doubt at all that the numbers of the rooks must have received a very severe set back, and that the keepers will be eased of some of his burdens as a consequence. We have lately had information about a red-backed shrike killing young partridges, which it is readily to be believed that it would do; but the shrike is a distinctly local bird, the areas best suited to the partridge are not very well suited to its needs, and altogether it is not likely to trouble seriously the keeper's rest or cause any appreciable loss to the partridges.

TYPER IN SCOTLAND.

It is early days yet to forecast the result of the interesting experiment of Mr. Stewart Menzies in introducing the willow grouse into Aberdeenshire, but so far as can be ascertained there is every reason to speak of it as a probable success. There was indeed no reason in the world why it should not be so. Several pairs of the typer have mated and nested among themselves, and there have been at least three or four which have mated with the native Scottish grouse. The typer, commonly considered by ornithologists to be merely a local (that is to say, a Scandinavian) variety of our own grouse, differs a little from it in habit, in being more disposed to frequent trees. Hence its name of willow grouse, given because of its frequenting the willows in Norway. It is on this very account that its introduction to this country has been attempted—the inclination of the birds to take to the woodland seeming to justify the hope that by their means sport may be obtained in those big stretches of Scottish woods which are practically without an inhabitant of the game-bird kind at present. The Scottish grouse, of course, is a bird of the open moor. It will be interesting, when the shooting season comes, to see whether the imported typer will remain true to the habits of their native land and continue to be rather a woodland variety, or will be seduced by the example of the Scottish birds to resort entirely to the open heather. It will also be interesting to see what line of life will be adopted by the half-bred birds between the Scottish and the Scandinavian, whether they will be heath or woodland dwellers, and further we shall be curious to learn the reception in the event of the birds deciding to live in the woodland which will be accorded them by such old inhabitants as the black game, and (where they exist) the capercailzie.

VARYING SIZES OF SEA-BIRDS' EGGS.

There has been some correspondence and discussion about the different kinds of eggs and imitation eggs on which it may be possible to get partridges to sit while their own are being brooded, for better safety, by a hen, and among the suggestions has been one that the eggs of such birds as blackbirds and thrushes, hard-boiled, might serve the purpose. It is known that partridges will sit on pheasants' eggs, and it has been argued that a little difference in the size of the eggs from that which is normal for those of

their own laying would not trouble them. In support of this a correspondent writes to point out how very different in size the eggs of the same kind of bird, and even of the same bird itself, may be at different times and in different circumstances. This is, of course, true of partridges themselves, and we have pointed out that when their eggs begin to grow small it is to be taken as a sign of weakness in the stock, probably due to inbreeding, that the most marked difference, according to our correspondent, is to be noticed in the sizes of the eggs of those sea-birds which, laying on a cliff ledge, are apt to have their eggs (or, rather, the single egg on which they are content to sit) knocked off or otherwise destroyed. They will then lay again and again until their final efforts become quite disproportionately small to the size of the bird, and

will sit on these eggs, although they are quite infertile, long after the birds about them have hatched out their healthy eggs and perhaps taken away their young. He observes that gannets afford a most striking instance of this habit, because the first-laid eggs are so large and the last of a long series quite ridiculously small in comparison. It all goes to confirm the idea that the eggs of what we often call "small" birds, as distinguished from "game" birds, would prove a perfectly satisfactory substitute for their own eggs to the sitting partridge. There is, of course, the question of colour; but if they did regard this, which we are not at all sure that they would, the approximate colour of the partridge's own eggs could be given quite easily to the others.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATTER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

STANDING AT THE HOLE.

SURELY that is an admirable practice which has come into vogue lately—it was often seen at Sandwich and at Prestwick—of the caddies, instead of, as heretofore, standing right up to the hole, with heels pressed together and toes expanding like a "V," as if to invite the ball to come into their angle as they indicate the hole to the player—surely it is a better plan that, instead of that close-pressing of the ground about the hole, they should stand—as many now make them do—well away from the hole itself, indicating its position by the flagstick held at arm's length. If any can doubt that this is the better way, he cannot have had any knowledge of greens such as they were, for instance, when the open championship was played at Hoylake last year. The greens were keen, so that if you played hard at the hole and did not go in you went clean out of holing. Then the boys had been standing in the classical manner, with heels close together, and the effect was that behind the holes—that is to say, on the far side from the approach putt and where the boys for the most part had been standing—there was an obvious wedge of the ground raised up between the depressions caused by the boy's feet. Of course, this was not any very mighty or obvious excrescence. It only became apparent when you putted your ball up to the hole, and then, if played from the direction of the angle of the wedge, it turned off on the one side or the other and declined to go into the hole. With the greens so very keen, you did not dare to play hard enough to get up over the point of the wedge; and if you did not play hard, the ball turned off. So there you were—you were in a quandary.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF ALTRUISM.

A great many people, appreciating the truth of all this, have been saying that there ought to be a rule forbidding the standing of the boys at the hole in the old classical manner. I am not at all sure that they are not right, although I do think that the drafting of the rule in exactly the right way, so as to effect exactly what it is intended to effect, would tax some ingenuity of the draughtsmen. It is suggested to make it part of the game's etiquette. As the case stands at present it is not very satisfactory. Speaking for myself, I hate the boy standing away from the hole, indicating it with the flagstick at arm's length; it is a distinct help in plying the approach putt to see the "fanwise" expanding feet of the caddie suggesting to the ball that it shall come between them. Yet in the struggle between egoism and altruism I have gallantly conquered the former, so that I do not mind nearly as much as I used to if the boy does not stand right up to the hole, and soon I hope not to mind at all. It seems to show that one is never too old to learn. But as the case stands at present it is unsatisfactory because all these beautifully unselfish men like myself who tell the caddie to stand away from the hole are at a distinct disadvantage compared with those men who say in their hearts "I don't care a d—— for the next fellow," and make their heavy-hoofed caddies stand right up to the hole to invite their ball into it. The best thing that could happen would be that social golfing opinion should grow so powerfully opposed to the caddie's standing in the old manner that it should finally fall into disuse.

GREENS AT BANK HOLIDAY TIME.

Greens were in fine order for the various club competitions held about the date of the August Bank Holiday—better condition, indeed, than had seemed possible from the state after the drought of June. But the soaking given them in the first half of July recuperated them, and they have seldom looked better at this season. On inland courses especially, it is a season of great opportunity for the longer handicapped players, because the very hardness of the ground, which favours the weak driver, by giving a long run to the ball, at the same time takes from the better player the advantage of his more accurate approaching, the finest played approach in the world being apt to be sent kicking in all directions and at all speeds by the small unevennesses and excrescences which do not deflect the ball to anything like the same degree when the lumps are softer. For all that, we find the scratch player and the *plus* man here and there rising superior to all his disabilities, but it is the exception to the common rule.

SALIENT POINTS.

Herd continuing to break records, Edmundson and Toogood hammering away at each other, Taylor approaching the hole with an accuracy which is the despair of everyone else, and the appearance of a new amateur, so far as the London district is concerned, though not new to first-class golf, Mr. Macfarlane, seem to be some of the salient points in golf just about this time. It is too early yet to speak of the Calcutta Cup, but some important amateur matches have been played in Scotland, such as the team match for the Wemyss Cup in the Lothians, interesting both on account of the high quality of the competing teams and also because the Dirleton Castle Club has done so very remarkably well now in winning it thrice in succession. There is also the Hope Cup, for individual competition, in the same district, and, just across the

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

Forth, at Leven (an admirable course of which the immediate future seems a little doubtful) the keen competition for the cup given by the *Evening Despatch*.

NINE ROUNDS IN A DAY.

Probably as the result of the account given in COUNTRY LIFE by the now octogenarian Captain Molesworth, R.N., of his playing, many years ago, eight rounds of the Westward Ho! course in a day, one of the numerous clan of Lumsden in Aberdeenshire, Mr. Harry Lumsden, has now played nine times in a day round the Royal Aberdeen Club's course at Balgownie. It is said that he had "undertaken" (possibly he had offered to "back himself," possibly he had only "said he would") to play eight rounds, and to hole each under 90. Apparently he had completed this task so easily, so early, and with so much in hand, that, just because he felt short of exercise, he played yet another, making nine, and the nine were holed in an average of 82 strokes. This is wonderfully good golf, so long maintained, as well as wonderful endurance. Thirty-five or thirty-six miles is said to have been the distance covered. In comparing his feat with that of Captain Molesworth, it will be noted that the former's rounds were done in far fewer strokes. Probably Mr. Lumsden is a better golfer. At all events, he was playing with implements better suited for the work, with rubber-cored balls which make golf both easier and less fatiguing. Captain Molesworth's undertaking was to do each of his rounds under 100. Mr. Lumsden's enterprise required that he should do each of them in ten less. This lower score, however, evidently demands not greater, but less, exertion, because fewer strokes were made, and probably Mr. Lumsden is a longer driver than Captain Molesworth ever was. Captain Molesworth played the comparatively small number of eight rounds; Mr. Lumsden completed nine, but part of the former's undertaking was to walk from his house and back, three miles each way, in addition to the rounds, and to carry his own clubs, always three in number. The Aberdeen man started at 5.15 in the morning. Captain Molesworth an hour or two earlier. On the whole, perhaps, the older performance must still rank a little the higher as a test of endurance, wonderful as both are. Obviously the golf of the northern player was far the better. The man of the West Country lived the simple life, on apples and cold tea, for his task. We are not informed of the diet of the Scot, but his work was done in a land where people are sometimes known to drink whisky.

H. G. H.

VARDON'S LOST MEDALS.

The public sympathy widely felt for Vardon's loss of golf trophies through a burglary at his house at Totteridge a month ago has to some extent found expression in the announcement that is made that the members of the South Herts Golf Club intend to present Vardon with copies of the British championship medals. The permission of the Royal and Ancient Club has been asked, and there seems to be no likelihood of an objection being raised to the restoration of the medals by this secondary process. After all, it is but using the die of the medal at the expense of the members of Vardon's club and involves no expense to the championship clubs. It is to be hoped that the clubs in America and elsewhere, in whose tournaments Vardon won medals, will also facilitate the reproduction of similar trophies. After all, the main value of these medals is not their intrinsic value as the raw bullion of coinage, but the sentiment of affection and pride which the winner attaches to them as memorials of his victories.

THE PRICE OF GOLF BALLS.

Mr. Justice Parker, in the Chancery Court, has announced the settlement of a dispute as to the price at which certain kinds of golf balls may be sold. Mr. F. A. Johnson, the agent in England and Wales for the "Springvale" golf balls, applied to restrain Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Limited, from selling the balls at less than certain minimum retail prices in breach of the conditions upon which the balls were supplied to them. It was stated that a settlement had been arrived at on the basis that the defendants submitted to an undertaking not to sell the Kite, Buzzard, Falcon and Hawk balls at prices lower than the retail prices mentioned in the plaintiff's invoices and that they agreed to pay the plaintiff's costs.

"CLEARING THE HEAD."

In one of the closing debates in the House of Commons last week Mr. Balfour gave an amusing piece of advice to a Liberal member who interrupted him while he was making a speech in criticism of the Government. Mr. Balfour was complaining of the lack of opportunities to discuss the condition of Ireland. The House of Commons, he said, was thinning in numbers and losing interest in public affairs. Members were thinking more of the seaside than of the state of Ireland. Thereupon Mr. Lupton, who represents the constituency in Lincolnshire formerly represented by Mr. Chaplin, interjected the remark: "We are thinking of Tariff Reform." "I heartily condole with the honourable member," rejoined Mr. Balfour, "if he is going to occupy August and September by thinking over Tariff Reform. Let the

honorable member retire happily to the seaside, play golf, and clear his brain." The House laughed very heartily at this exchange of repartee, and no doubt Mr. Balfour in giving this advice was in imagination forecasting the pleasures and the benefits he derives every autumn from his rounds of golf in East Lothian. At any rate, he has a right to speak from his own experience as a hard-worked statesman of the clarifying effects on the brain of a few rounds of seaside golf after the mental and physical strain of months passed in the House of Commons; and there are few golfers who will gainsay either the soundness or the wisdom of his pleasing bit of advice.

PROFESSSIONALS AT "RINGOLF."

A new form of "home golf" has been devised in the game known as "Ringolf," and by way of illustration of its merits Vardon and Taylor will play a match in the new game in the grounds of the Manor House, Finchley, the residence of Mr. A. W. Gamage, the athletic outfitter, on August 10th, at three o'clock. It is declared to be a means of bringing sound practice in the Royal and Ancient game itself to everybody's door, or, rather, to everybody's garden. The game is played with the usual golf clubs, and its possibilities of variation are limited only by the limitations of the size of the ground available near a residence. Though essentially a lawn, or small park, game, "Ringolf" provides plenty of useful golf practice with all the clubs in a golfer's set; and it is hoped that its practice will develop a wider taste for golf by ensuring more continuous and varied practice



"OH, DADDY, I REALLY CAN'T."

Ancient game itself settle a small point on the construction of wills which is of some interest to collectors and to those who desire that their artistic treasures should devolve as heirlooms. In two cases the question has arisen whether a bequest of "pictures" or "paintings" sufficed to pass "miniatures," a form of artistic production that, after many years of undeserved neglect, has latterly recovered some of the recognition that is due. In one case, a testatrix gave her house "and its contents except the pictures" to one person and "the pictures" to another, and the court had to decide under which bequest a collection of miniatures passed. On the one hand, it was argued that miniatures were but small pictures, and on the other, that the name had nothing to do with size, but was derived from the Italian *miniare*, which means to write with *minium* or red-lead, a pigment which was much used in the ornamenting of old manuscripts, where the early examples of miniatures are found, and that the association of the idea of size was of later origin. The learned judge, however, had no hesitation in holding that the miniatures were small pictures, and passed as such, though he drew a distinction between those that were pictures, pure and simple, and those that were only accessory to some other object; thus an ivory mirror with a miniature on the back did not pass as a picture, but as part of the contents of the house. In another case the bequest was of "pictures" and "paintings," terms which were held to cover miniatures.

THE HUMOUR OF

THE CADDIE.

Smith was playing a very bad game. Conscious of its execrable quality he thought that he would soften the glum looks of his caddie by dropping into the apologetic vein thus: "I declare the more I play, the worse I play." "Am thinkin'," rejoined the sententious one, "ye've played an awfu' lot in yer time!" On another occasion the caddie showed how disgusted he was at his master's play, and at one of the holes he asked, "And ye say that ye hae dune this hole in twa?" Smith (in a reminiscent voice): "Yes, I mind it well. It was a fine drive, almost out of sight you know; and when I came up I lay dead on the green" "Wi' surprise, nae doot," commented the scoffing club-carrier.

A. J. R.

A FUTURE LADY CHAMPION.

The accompanying pictures of a little girl who is likely, if one may judge by her photographic promise, to prove one of the future lady champions of Australia (for she belongs to that great colony) may serve as a little relief from the portraits of actual champions, and of those who would be champions, that we have been seeing recently. Not that there is any lack of strenuousness in the swing at the ball when once the young lady's attention is concentrated on it, nor is there any lack of the scientific follow through after the stroke is made. It is altogether rather a classical performance when once commenced. But the previous moment of stage fright, of inability to keep the eye on anything but the camera, and the almost imperative need to cry, "Oh, Daddy, I really can't!" must be known even to the most hardened of us. It is very human.

A. J. R.

LAW AND THE LAND.

HUNTING-MEN in particular, and, indeed, most people who take the precaution of insuring against accidents, will be interested in the recent decision of Mr. Justice Channell in the case of Etherington and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Accident Insurance Company, which related to the liability of the company to pay the amount of the insurance when death results from disease which is set up or aggravated by an accident. It is not always easy to say exactly what constitutes an accident, and many insurance companies have framed definitions for their own guidance and protection; but, broadly, it may be said to be an unlooked-for mishap, or an untoward event which is not expected or designed. Mr. Etherington had taken out a policy to secure payment of a considerable sum if he met his death by reason of any bodily injury caused by violent, accidental, external and visible means. While out with the hounds he had the misfortune to be violently thrown on to very wet ground, and though he received no actual wound or injury he got wet to the skin, and suffered a severe shock to his nervous system. It took him an hour or so to ride home, and next day, though in considerable

pain, he insisted on journeying to London, where in the evening he developed pneumonia, from which he died. The pneumonia, there was no doubt, was brought on by the shock of the fall and the subsequent long ride in drenched clothes, and the insurance company maintained that death was not due to the actual fall, but to the disease caused mainly by the wetting, and was not the direct result of the accident. They, therefore, contended that they were protected by a clause in the policy which provided that the policy did not extend to insure against death where "the direct or proximate cause thereof was disease or other intervening cause, even although the disease or other intervening cause may itself have been aggravated by such accident or have been due to weakness or exhaustion consequent thereon or the death accelerated thereby." The learned judge, however, thought that the disease which caused death was directly due to the accident, and that the company were bound to pay.

The courts have had occasion recently to settle a small point on the construction of wills which is of some interest to collectors and to those who desire that their artistic treasures should devolve as heirlooms. In two cases the question has arisen whether a bequest of "pictures" or "paintings" sufficed to pass "miniatures," a form of artistic production that, after many years of undeserved neglect, has latterly recovered some of the recognition that is due. In one case, a testatrix gave her house "and its contents except the pictures" to one person and "the pictures" to another, and the court had to decide under which bequest a collection of miniatures passed. On the one hand, it was argued that miniatures were but small pictures, and on the other, that the name had nothing to do with size, but was derived from the Italian *miniare*, which means to write with *minium* or red-lead, a pigment which was much used in the ornamenting of old manuscripts, where the early examples of miniatures are found, and that the association of the idea of size was of later origin. The learned judge, however, had no hesitation in holding that the miniatures were small pictures, and passed as such, though he drew a distinction between those that were pictures, pure and simple, and those that were only accessory to some other object; thus an ivory mirror with a miniature on the back did not pass as a picture, but as part of the contents of the house. In another case the bequest was of "pictures" and "paintings," terms which were held to cover miniatures.

The approaching opening of the shooting season justifies a note on one or two points connected with the preservation and pursuit of game. A question that often crops up—no pun is intended—is how far an owner of land is liable for injury done by the game bred on his land to his neighbour's crops and garden. The short answer is that he is not liable at all. An owner, however, who retains the right of shooting is liable to his own tenant for damage done by game brought on to the land, and the lessee of a shooting right is in the same position. Thus, an owner or lessee is not responsible to his tenant for damage done by fur or feather naturally on the land; but if he imports covey birds, or buys eggs and hatches out and rears a greater number of birds than are ordinarily native to the land, he will be responsible for any damage to his tenant's crops, though not to his neighbour's, which can fairly be attributed to the extra stocking of the land with game.

After this year the law on this point will be somewhat altered by the operation of the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1906; but that is a matter that need not be discussed at present. The distinction between the liability to a tenant and to a neighbour is founded on very old legal principles. Except as to ground game, the tenant has no shooting right, and, therefore, cannot keep down the havoc-working birds; but the neighbour suffers under no such disability, and directly the marauding covey passes the boundary of his land the original owner of the birds loses his property in them and the neighbour may kill them at his pleasure. This leads us to another question: What right has a landowner or a shooting tenant to follow his quarry and retrieve the game that has fallen to his gun? Again the answer is, practically none. All game is included in the class of animals known to the law as *fere naturae*, in which while they are alive there can be no absolute right of property. While they remain on a man's land they are his, but directly they go beyond he loses his property in them, which, however, he may regain if they return. If a wounded bird drops on the land of a neighbour, it belongs to that neighbour so long as it remains on his land, and if it dies there the body belongs to him absolutely, and the original owner has no legal right at all to it, though, of course, the amenities of country life, which, happily, are still recognized, often cause a relaxation of the strict law and allow a sportsman to enter and retrieve his game, though by courtesy and not as of right.



"WELL THROUGH,

working birds; but the neighbour suffers under no such disability, and directly the marauding covey passes the boundary of his land the original owner of the birds loses his property in them and the neighbour may kill them at his pleasure. This leads us to another question: What right has a landowner or a shooting tenant to follow his quarry and retrieve the game that has fallen to his gun? Again the answer is, practically none. All game is included in the class of animals known to the law as *fere naturae*, in which while they are alive there can be no absolute right of property. While they remain on a man's land they are his, but directly they go beyond he loses his property in them, which, however, he may regain if they return. If a wounded bird drops on the land of a neighbour, it belongs to that neighbour so long as it remains on his land, and if it dies there the body belongs to him absolutely, and the original owner has no legal right at all to it, though, of course, the amenities of country life, which, happily, are still recognized, often cause a relaxation of the strict law and allow a sportsman to enter and retrieve his game, though by courtesy and not as of right.

Last week we were able to record the good fortune of an executor; this week we must refer to the misfortunes of trustees. It is, of course, a well-known rule that a trustee must not speculate with the trust estate, not even with the laudable object of providing a better income for the tenant for life. As long as he keeps to the meagre $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of Consols or the $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. afforded by some of the recognised trustee securities he is tolerably, though even then not absolutely, safe; but the moment he aspires after a return of 5 per cent. or 6 per cent., or even over 4 per cent., he may make up his mind that he is travelling a perilous road, as, to their sorrow, the trustees in a case heard by Mr. Justice Warrington, shortly before the Courts rose for the Long Vacation, found that they had been doing. A fund had been settled on the usual marriage settlement trust, and the tenant for life and his children brought an action against the trustees to compel them to make good losses to the trust fund occasioned by certain unauthorised investments. There was not a

whisper against the honour of the trustees, and it was admitted that what had been done had been done with the avowed object of obtaining as large an income as possible for the tenants for life; but that did not help them, for, as the judge pointed out, the duty of trustees is to protect the trust fund for those who are interested in it, the tenants for life and those who are to follow them, and if they neglect this duty they must expect to be called upon to make good personally any loss that has thereby been occasioned to the trust funds. This is a point that trustees, often swayed solely by goodwill and by the solicitations of the beneficiaries, are apt to forget, until they find themselves in the unfortunate position of the defendants in this recent case, of being compelled to replace the money that has been lost. It is only by adhering strictly to the rules laid down for their guidance by the law and by the instrument creating the trust that trustees can hope to avoid the penalties of what is, when all is said and done, an onerous and thankless office.

THE GOODWOOD WEEK.

NO T often are we able to enjoy racing in such perfect weather as that which prevailed throughout the Goodwood Week. A truly glorious place it is, this splendid park in which the Duke of Richmond's residence is situated. Woodland and plain, hill and valley stretch away in seemingly endless panorama; and in the stillness of a summer morning it is good to be alone with one's self on the top of Trundle Hill while the white veils of the mist draw asunder, unrobing the world to the glory of day. Out on the race-course strings of race-horses are preparing for their morning's work; trainers, jockeys, one or two owners and a few ladies, for whom the clear morning light has no terrors, arrive on the scene, and we know that the work of the Goodwood Week has begun. Very pleasant it all is out here in the morning; here come some of the horses cracking their nostrils as they stretch along at an easy canter. That must be Royal Dream coming along at a striding pace; he will probably pull up close to us; but the trainer's orders have evidently been that he is to get a strong gallop, and on he goes till he has covered the full two miles of the Cup course. Here comes Halsey riding Pillo, who, as a three year old with his 8st. 2lb. to carry, has a tough job awaiting him when he meets Royal Dream in the Plate to-morrow. Many more horses there are to be seen; much gossip and many cheery greetings to exchange, and so the morning passes until it is time to tramp back through the woods on the way to breakfast, letters, newspapers and work. Somehow or other when later in the day I saw Elmstead win the Stewards' Cup for Mr. J. B. Joel it was impossible to avoid wondering whether the extraordinary run of racing luck which has fallen to his lot in the last few weeks might not be the prelude to some terrible disaster, for when Fortune showers her gifts with such lavish profusion from the one hand, as often as not she is preparing to smite heavily with the other. At all events there can be but little doubt, I think, that Elmstead was a very lucky winner of the race, inasmuch as but for a slow beginning, Poor Boy would surely have beaten him, and I am tolerably certain, in

my own mind, that had he been more favourably drawn, Mercutio would have beaten the pair of them. We were all glad to see Princesse de Galles win the Ham Stakes for His Majesty, and although the daughter of Gallinule and Ecila had but little to do, she won in good style; moreover, she appears to be improving in appearance from day to day. Just before the race for the Richmond Stakes I happened to be crossing the paddock at the moment two very heated and belated sportsmen arrived on the scene. "Ain't I just hot," said one of them, "Let's get a drink." "Nay," said his friend, "Bother the drink, I want to see Bayardo." I only hope this good sportsman's wish was gratified, and if he did succeed in finding Mr. Fairie's colt, he saw what is, undoubtedly, the best two year old we have seen this season. Sir D. Cooper's filly Vivid is quite a useful sort, but Bayardo gave her 15lb. and a very handsome beating without the semblance of an effort. It is rumoured, by the way, that a very distinguished amateur rider has offered a large—a very large—sum of money for the privilege of riding the colt in next year's Derby. To whom the mount may be entrusted I do not know, but it is well within the bounds of probability that Mr. Fairie will be seen leading in the winner of the classic race. Courtesy (8st.) just scraped through by a head in the Gratwicke Stakes from that moderate animal, Royal Realm (9st. 3lb.), and therewith ended the first day of the Goodwood Meeting.

We began racing again on the following day with the Findon Stakes, for which the rumour that the filly by Cyllene out of Elf had come well out of a Beckhampton trial was confirmed by the ready style in which she defeated the well-backed Blackstone; and the followers of Mr. J. B. Joel's run of luck fairly lumped the money down on the much-improved colt Sunflower II. for the Lavant Stakes, the good thing being duly landed by three-quarters of a length from Sir D. Cooper's Bonny Bay, with Mr. Fox's Genny beaten into third place by two lengths. In the Goodwood Plate Pillo, as a three year old with 8st. 2lb. to carry, had been set a hard task, being only in receipt of 6lb. from the five year old

Royal Dream, and being, in fact, at a serious disadvantage with every one of his thirteen opponents. Young Darling, however, had got him into splendid condition, and there were hopes that he might pull through. Nor did Mr. Buchanan's colt disgrace himself, for he made a most gallant bid for victory, and, indeed, when nearly home it seemed as though success would crown his efforts; but the weight told in the final struggle, and he had to give way by a length to the four year old Mercredi (6st. 12lb.), who failed by a neck to get on terms with Asticote, five years (6st. 12lb.). In the Sussex Stakes the question was whether or no White Eagle could give 9lb. to Mountain Apple. A glance at the latter in the paddock previous to the race supplied the answer once and for all, for Mr. J. Buchanan's well-bred and good-looking colt is rapidly going from bad to worse, and is even lighter and more deficient in muscle than he was on Derby Day. I am told on good authority that he is afflicted with a form of stable vice, which in his case cannot be checked, and if that be so, unless drastic measures are resorted to, I fear that to all intents and purposes the promise of his early days will never be fulfilled, and it may be that, as has happened in other cases, of which Lavengro's is a notable instance, even these measures would be useless. Be this as it may, White Eagle, who is improving in appearance from day to day, gave away the weight and made a hock of Mountain Apple into the bargain.

The race for the Goodwood Cup on Thursday was a contest to be talked about, referred to and



W. A. Rouche.

RADIUM, BY BEND OR-TAIA.

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remembered until our days are old. There they were, The White Knight (10st.), Torpoint (9st. 7lb.) and Radium (9st. 2lb.). Which was to come successfully out of the long struggle over the two and a-half miles of the Cup course? The three had met at even weights in the Ascot Gold Cup, when Colonel Kirkwood's horse had won comfortably by two lengths from Radium, with Torpoint beaten into third place by the same distance. But on this occasion it seemed to me that Radium ran in anything but generous fashion, and I hardly thought that use enough was made of Torpoint. In fact, my own opinion has always been that if Radium cared to fairly fight it out, he would always beat The White Knight at even weights, for the simple reason that he can stay at least, I think so, pretty nearly as well as Colonel Kirkwood's horse, and there is no doubt that he is possessed of just the dash of speed in which the other is lacking. Trained to perfection, that irrepressible old warrior Torpoint was decidedly gay in the paddock before the race; The White Knight, hard as nails, seemed to be more massive and commanding in appearance than ever, and there could be no doubt that Watson had got Radium just about at his very best. Arguments were endless; according to many of the critics The White Knight would win in a canter. "Will he?" said the Torpoint division. "Our old horse will worry him to death." "Very likely," said the followers of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's banner, "and when he's done that we shall beat him for speed." Well, it will all be settled very soon; here they come accompanied by the pacemakers—Peace with Honour on behalf of The White Knight, and Stick Up for Torpoint. For this race there is no starting-gate to face, the signal for the start being given by the old-fashioned flag. Off! No, it is a false start. Now! Down goes the flag and the struggle has commenced. Away goes Peace with Honour on his pace-making errand; but a mile and a-half is the length of his tether, and then Colonel Kirkwood's honest horse has perforce to take up the fighting himself, being followed by Stick Up, Torpoint and Radium. Stick Up is soon done with. The White Knight sways into the straight with the lead, but Torpoint is creeping up, and Radium, running none too generously, is being coaxed into good behaviour by Madden. Down the straight they come. The White Knight wins! Come on White Knight! But the battle has only just begun in earnest. Torpoint strides up alongside of the leader and between them a terrible duel commences. Which will crack first? Will old Torpoint give way? Not he; stride by stride they fight it out. At last the inevitable purpose of the old horse tells its tale and The White Knight is beaten, clean settled. Torpoint's won! Torpoint! is now the cry; but down on him swoops Radium. At him the game old horse immediately goes; but staunch as he is he has never had a "breather" for even a single stride after his battle with The White Knight, and Radium gets a neck advantage. Torpoint pulls himself together, and is holding his fresh adversary; but the winning-post is close at hand, there is no time to wear him down, and the neck advantage is still on the side of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's



W. A. Roush.

TORPOINT. BY TRENTON—DONCASTER BEAUTY.

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horse as the judge's box is passed. What a race! This is racing! Where are your wretched selling plates and tin-pot handicaps compared with such a race as this? Not even the most virulent of the faddist and anti-sport brigade could have looked on unmoved while they watched these honest horses fighting out this race, unpunished and undistressed. One of the three had to win, but surely to the losers no disgrace attaches. As I read it, the result of this race goes to show that there is but little between the three horses: The White Knight was trying to give 7lb. to Torpoint, and he got about a 7lb. beating, so that there can be but little difference between them over that particular course. Torpoint failed to give 5lb. to Radium, by about that amount of weight, and it was evident that to give 12lb. to Radium was altogether beyond The White Knight's capacity.

Very seldom does that excellent jockey, Herbert Jones, make a mistake at the finish of a race, but he was the first to admit that he did so when, thinking that he had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes with Princesse du Galles, he let Maher up on the rails with Attic Salt, who just got up in time to beat him by a short head and hush the cheering with which the victory of the Royal colour was being greeted. Equally "fluky," I think, was the beating of Golden Flight by Vic in the Hainaker Plate; and it is, by the way, not without interest to note that the winner cost 60 guineas at Mr. Waring's Ascot sale last year, while Golden Flight was sold for 2,100 guineas when Sir Tatton Sykes's yearlings were disposed of at Doncaster.

TRENTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MARKINGS OF TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among the trout in a burn here in Fife there is at present a peculiarly-coloured one, light buff or tawny with five or six black marks across the back; a small fish, about 4oz. When at rest it is quite a light shade of buff, but after darting about in the pool it seems to take on a much darker hue. Then, when again at rest it gradually assumes the lighter colour. Is this an unusual case? I have not noticed it before; or is it possibly not a trout but some stranger in the burn? It is certainly shaped like a trout. The stream is a tributary of the Eden, which runs through the How of Fife.—WATER BOUGET.

[Such marking is not abnormal; it seems to depend on the fish's surroundings. If he shifts his position the marking changes too.—ED.]

A FIREPLACE PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have so many very charming illustrations which show what I believe are called "down" fireplaces, that I venture to trespass on your kindness by asking whether you can tell me or can direct me whom to apply to for advice as to how to make such a fireplace burn (*i.e.*, the fire in it) and send its smoke up the chimney instead of into the room? I have such a fireplace, that is, a hole 44in. deep, 60in. wide, 54in. high in front. The whole top opens, and gradually becomes smaller, until it ends in an ordinary-sized chimney, surmounted by an ordinary

chimney-pot, which is, no doubt, a modern addition. Just above this hole, or fireplace, there is on the left of the chimney a fair-sized, in fact, rather large recess, which I assume was at some time used for smoking hams, etc. The whole of this "fireplace" has been tiled, evidently lately; there is no raised hearth. I have tried fires on a raised hearth, in basket grates and with a front screen closing part of the opening; but whatever system I have tried the result has been the same—the smoke refuses to go up the chimney and insists on coming into the room. I want to preserve this style of fireplace if it is possible and to have a wood fire. Can you tell me how to overcome the difficulty, or give the name and address of anyone you think could and would do so? Before being modernised some twenty years ago I believe this was a farmhouse, and the room in question the kitchen. When modernised I fancy a register stove was put in and the ancient effect with tiles restored some years ago.—E. S. WHEALLER.

[It is difficult to answer our correspondent's letter without having seen the fireplace. If it is a large flue, the old people used to hang a pig's bladder down the chimney and let it stay in that position, which stopped the smoke. The chimney-pot at the top might come off; the bacon loft is all to the good. The hearth might be raised and the fire burnt on a thick cast-iron plate; the wood ashes should be kept always as the body of the fire. We should certainly take off the modern chimney-pot and keep the top as open as is possible. Air inlets might be arranged in the cheeks of the fireplace or in the hearth, but this can only be decided by experiment. If the chimney draws when a window or door is open it would point to a want of air.—ED.]

A STAFFORDSHIRE "LOCK-UP."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be interested in knowing whether many of the old rural police cells or "lock-ups" still exist in the country. In my native county of Herefordshire I cannot at the moment recall a single instance, but remember a very good example at Gnosall in Staffordshire—a small square building close to the village, with a massive iron-studded door and grated window. The one of which I enclose a photograph is from Devonshire, situated at the crossing of two rural lanes between Teignmouth and Bishopsteignton; there is a similar one about a mile distant. The door is of wood, but covered on the outer side with sheet iron; any special provision for ventilation appears to have been considered unnecessary.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

NO ROYAL ROAD!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could any of your readers tell me of some easy and cheap way of killing the roots of cow-parsley and ground elder? The ground to be cleared consists of several acres under the trees surrounding an old house which has been uninhabited for years and is too big a job for mere digging. An ordinary weed-killer would also destroy the birds and rooks probably, and I am anxious to know whether there is anything which would be harmless to everything but these weeds.—A. L. T.

[The best and only way is to dig them out.—ED.]



CURIOUS FLY'S EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed I forward a growth of spores of some kind found on a rambler rose leaf in our garden. There were twenty-six, but I have taken one off to place under a microscope; it looked like an egg-shaped vegetable marrow with long stem. Although so very fine, they are now standing perfectly upright on the gossamer-like stems, and I trust they will arrive in like condition, as I should very much like to know what they are through your valuable columns.—E. LUCKEN.

[The growths upon the rose leaves are the stalked eggs of the lace-winged fly—*Hemerobius*.—ED.]

DRIVING IN TOWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The throwing out of the right arm or the twirl of the whip by a driver on the off side is a signal that a turn is to be made, and should be sufficient warning for any drivers behind. The whip put out on the near side would not be noticed at all in many cases if done by the driver. Footmen often signal on the near side as your correspondent suggests.—P.

SNOW IN SUMMER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The appended extract from the letter of a friend may possibly be of interest as shewing the effects of a May snowstorm on the Continent: "Thun, May 26th, 1908.—We came up here from Italy a fortnight ago in regular Midsummer weather; the heat was excessive, and the more trying as it was so unseasonable. The country was lovely; the orchards in full bloom and the meadows gay with flowers—all the foliage was very far advanced. The heat lasted until last Saturday morning, when rain set in; at noon it changed to heavy wet snow, which fell steadily



for seven hours until it lay nearly a foot deep. As the trees were in full leaf the snow covered them more thickly than it could have done in winter, and by its great weight it simply crushed them to earth. You never saw such a sight as the town and country presented on Sunday morning. Hardly a tree in the lovely avenues and gardens but was broken and mangled as if a hurricane had swept the place. Many of the streets were blocked by great fallen branches, while the orchards were fairly torn to pieces. Fortunately, it didn't freeze, or the damage would have been enormous. By to-day all the snow has disappeared."—J. R. H.

TURKEY-COCK "MOTHERS" CHICKENS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A curious example of maternal instinct in the paternal breast has occurred at Herringham, a village near Wells in North Norfolk. A Mr. Abel of Bird's Farm recently found a turkey-cock quietly sitting on a nest of hen's eggs which the rightful sitter had temporarily left. Mr. Abel was naturally much struck with the incident and awaited developments. The "mother" patiently sat out the usual time and hatched twelve chicks. Six of the birds, being weakly, were removed, and Mr. Turkey may now be seen strutting up and down the yard with a watchful eye on his tiny charges. Whenever food is given to them, he gives the familiar "cluck, cluck" to call them together. He is an ideal "mother," driving away any bird daring to rob his chicks of their rights. At night he opens his wings, under which his flock nestles. Unfortunately, he trod on two of the birds and killed them, whereupon five more chicks, three days old, were substituted. There is thus to be seen the unusual sight of two families of chickens being "mothered" by a turkey-cock. Visitors from the surrounding villages were daily flocking to see the strange spectacle.—T. H. ROBINSON.

DAYLIGHT WASTING BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reading through your issue of July 11th I find a note on the Daylight Savings Bill. It is stated here that it will not really affect agriculture much, not as much as town people anyhow. In my own opinion, and in that of others whom I have consulted, it will be a most serious Bill in connection with farming, and it certainly will not be an advantage to the farmer. If men started at five in the morning, where they start at seven at present, they would have to feed horses at 3 a.m. and dinner would be two hours earlier than at present. This would be 10 a.m. and then they would start at twelve noon again. Now all the farmers are aware that in hay and harvest time it is often 10 a.m. before the hay or corn can be touched on account of dew, the consequence will be we will get no forenoon yoking, which will hardly suit farming. I think that the hours that are set aside for work at present are the best we can have.—SCOTLAND.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF LONG LEGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a horse with a very short neck grazing. It has to spread its forelegs apart in order to reach the grass. It cannot remain in this position for more than a minute at a time, after which two minutes' rest is necessary.—ARTHUR E. YOUNG.

